

JANUARY
No. 46

Bill
Settle

CRACK COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

10¢

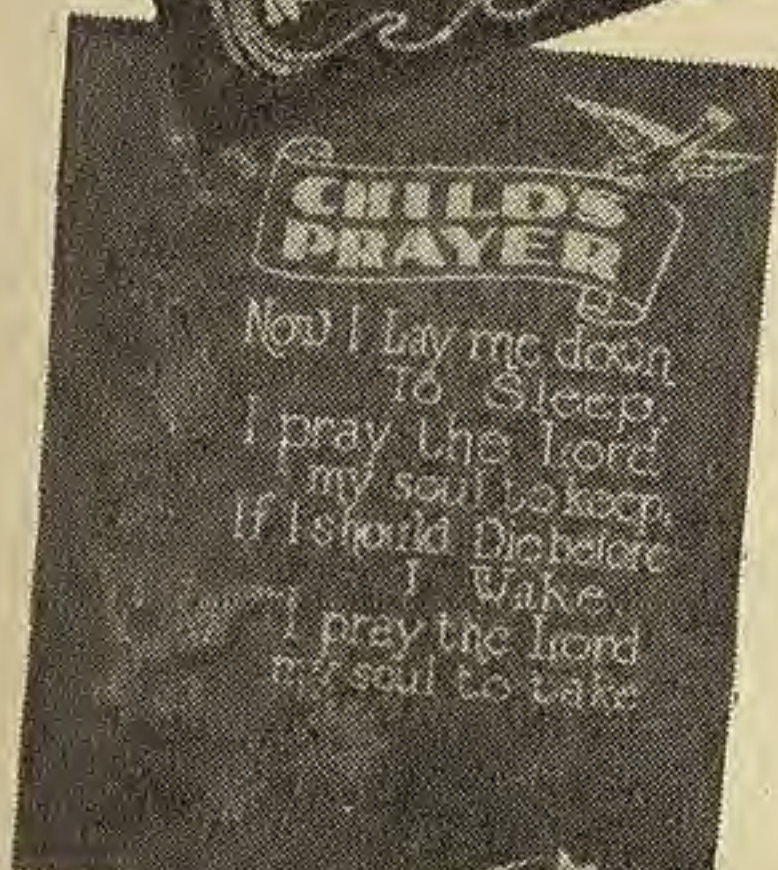
Captain TRIUMPH battles MR. WEARY!



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"There be land rats and water rats...."
 - William Shakespeare

And wherever rats dare squeal or slink, **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH** is ready and able to trap them!

A touch by Lance Gallant on the strange birthmark on his arm, and the ghost of Twin Brother Michael merges with Lance into the fiercest fighter and huskiest hero of them all...
Captain Triumph!



A vacation spot on the coast...
I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS HOLIDAY,
BIFF! SO HAVE YOU AND KIM---

YES, AND PERHAPS
EVEN CAPTAIN TRIUMPH
WILL BE GLAD TO
HAVE ONE!

Michael's ghost is never far from
his beloved twin brother Lance....

YES, HE MUST BE BORED
WITH BLASTING BULLIES
AND SMACKING SNEAKS!
NO REASON TO
CALL ON HIM
DOWN HERE!

I HOPE
LANCE IS RIGHT!
PERHAPS I OUGHT
TO TAKE A
SCOUTING TRIP
AROUND THE
TOWN!...



WEARY TOLD US TO
BE HERE AT FOUR BELLS!
WE'D BETTER NOT
BE A SECOND
LATE!

I NEVER
HEARD OF
WEARY, BUT HE
PICKS A POOR
TYPE OF
ASSOCIATES!



THE CRAFT'S READY
TO SAIL, MR. WEARY!
OF COURSE, WE'RE
ONE HAND
SHORT--

I WANT
A FULL CREW,
LUGGER!



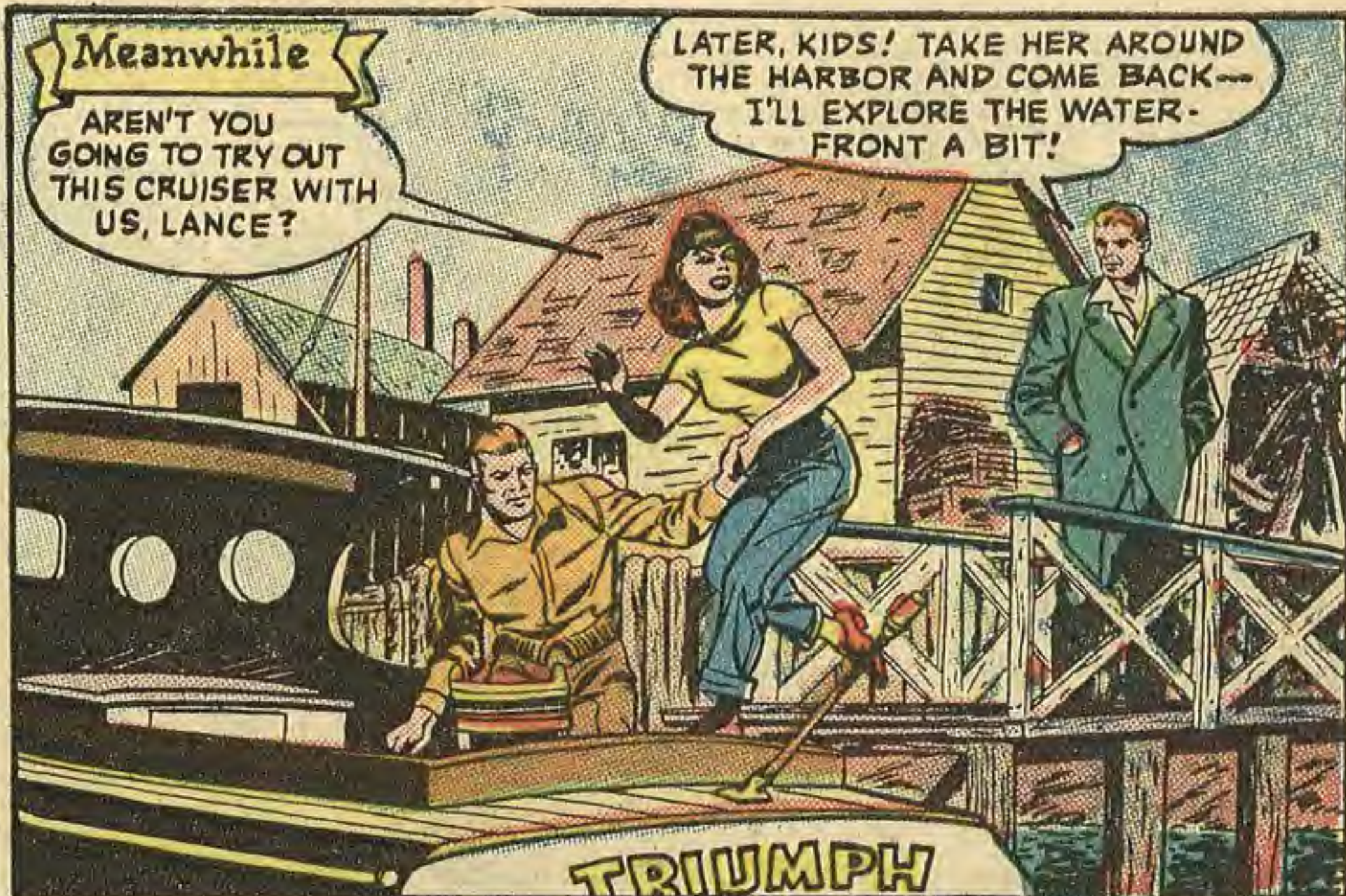
BUT IT'S LIKE THIS, MR. WEARY! I'VE
GATHERED ALL THE MEN I CAN TRUST
IN THIS PORT! ANY REGULAR HAND
WILL WANT TO KNOW WHERE
WE'RE SAILING ---WHAT FOR---

A **FULL**
CREW, I SAID!
AND NO
ALIBIS!



THERE'S ONLY ONE
PRACTICAL WAY TO
GET THAT EXTRA
HAND, LUGGER!

AYE, AYE!

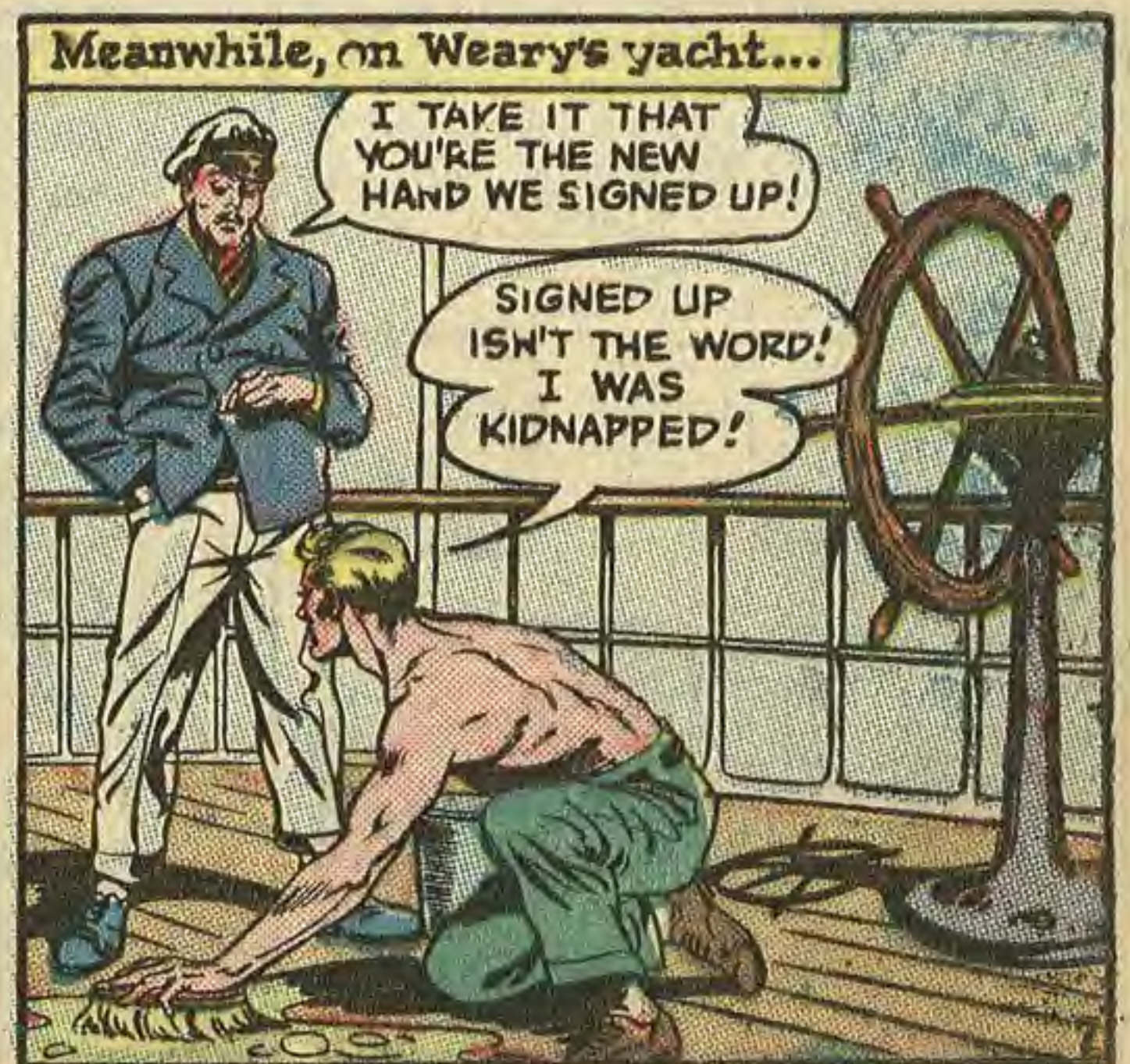


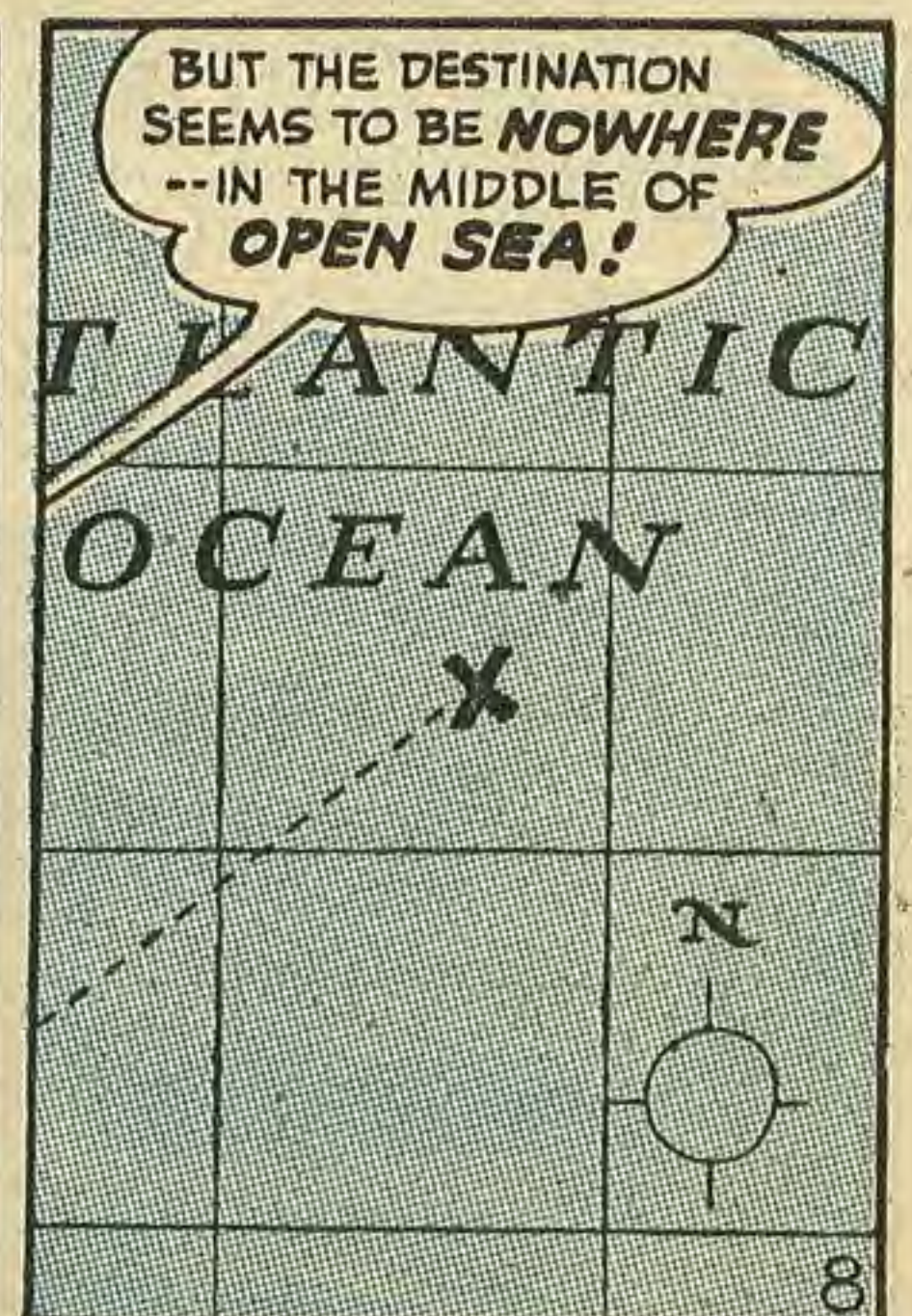
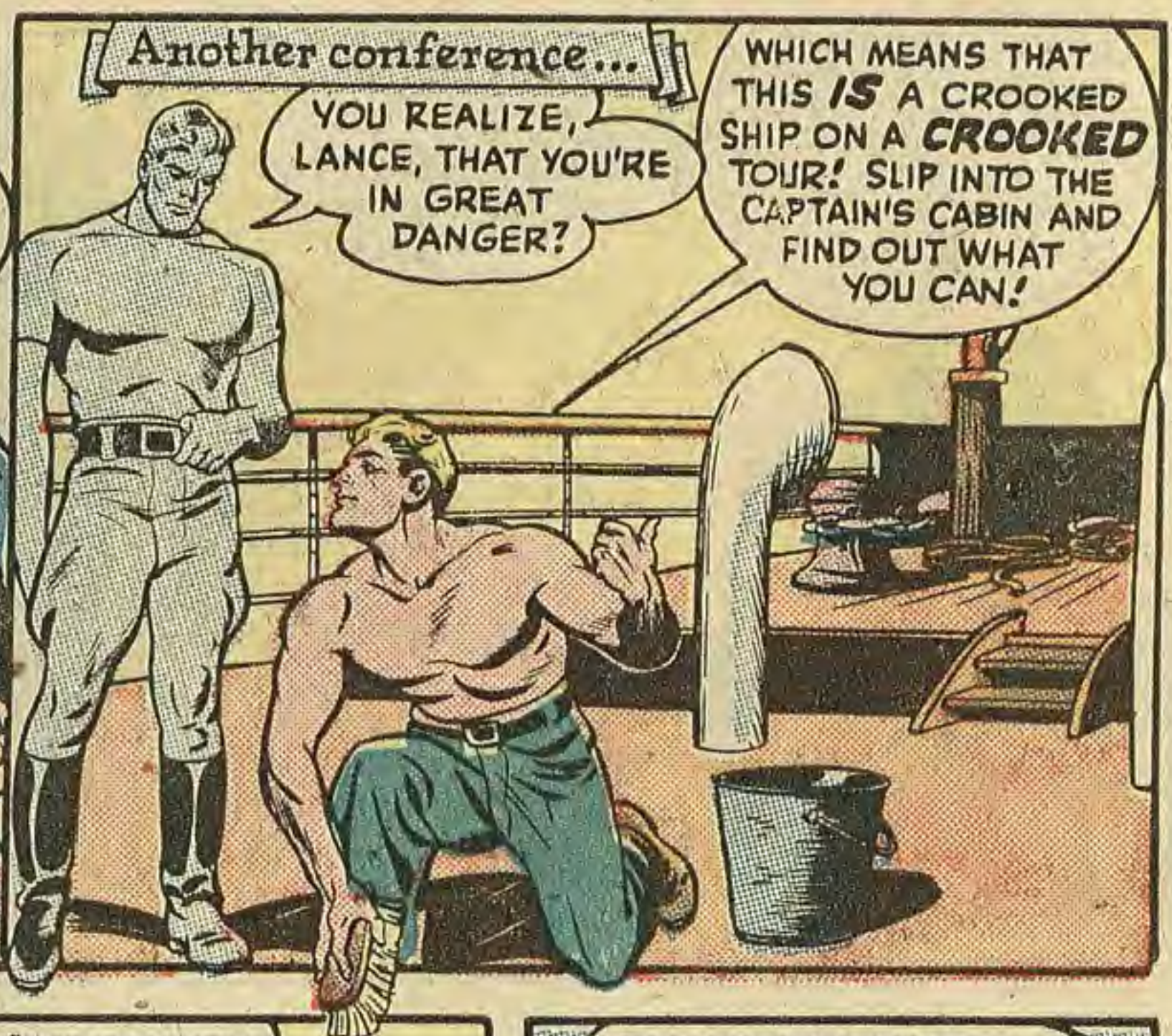
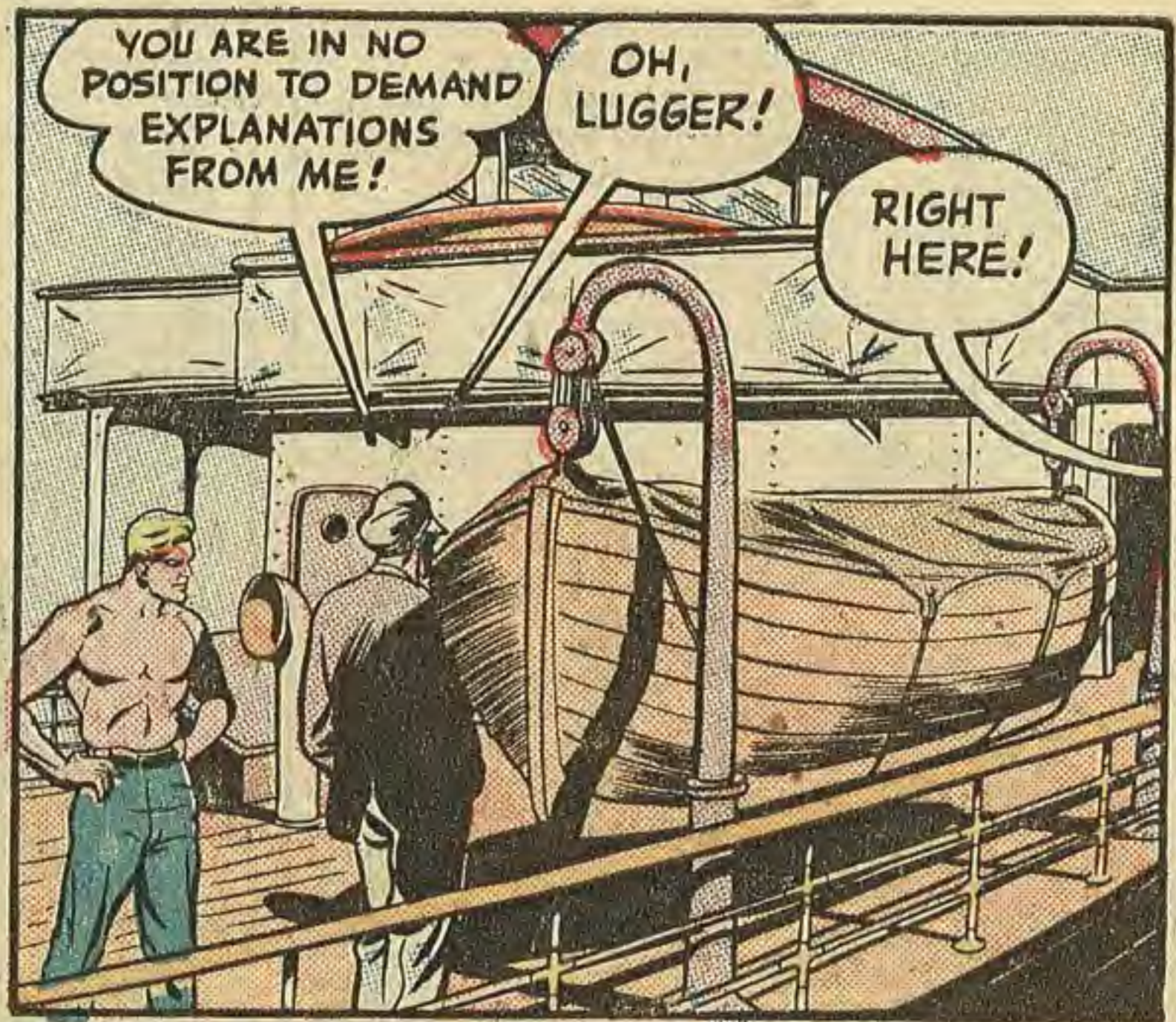
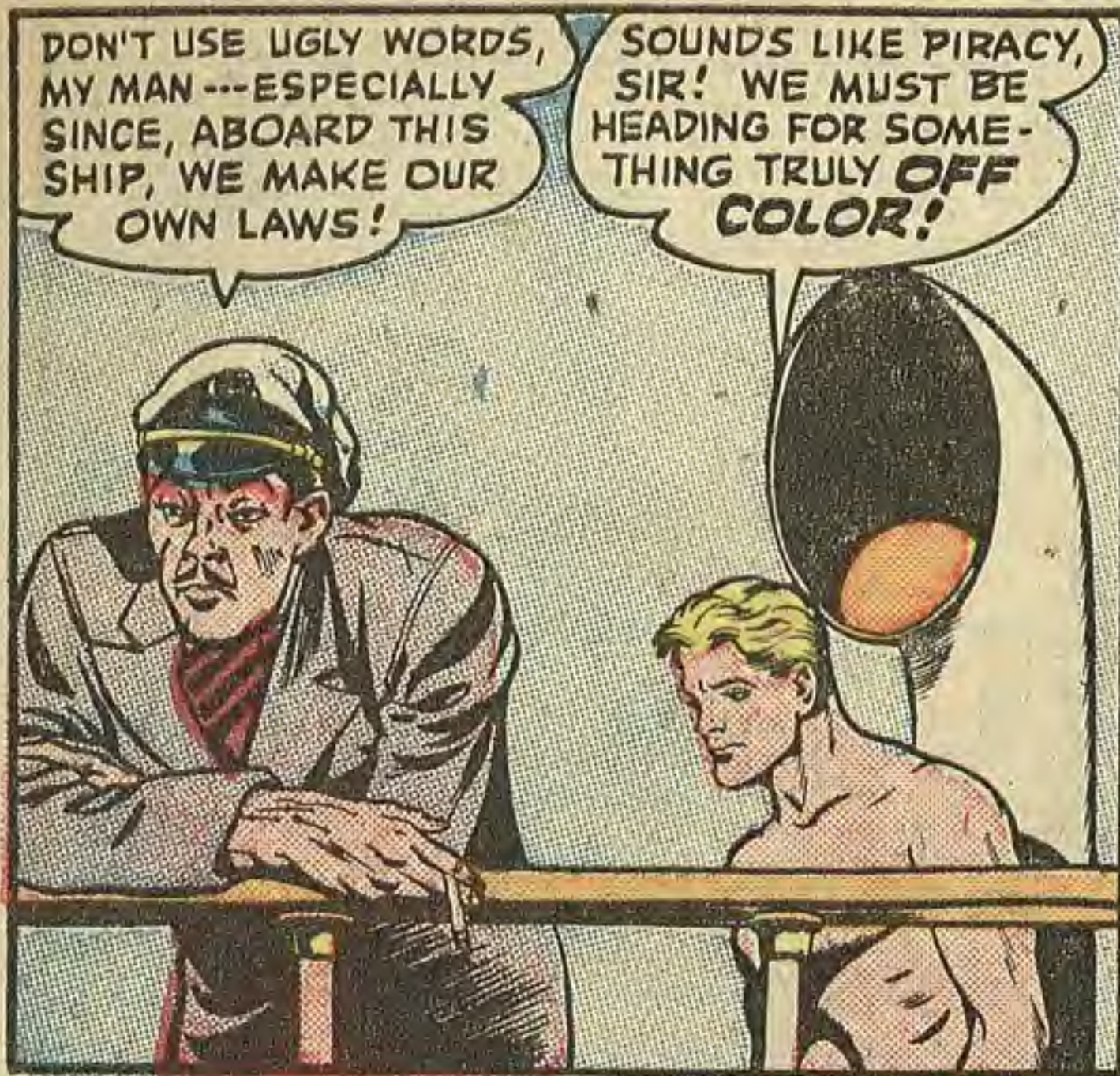
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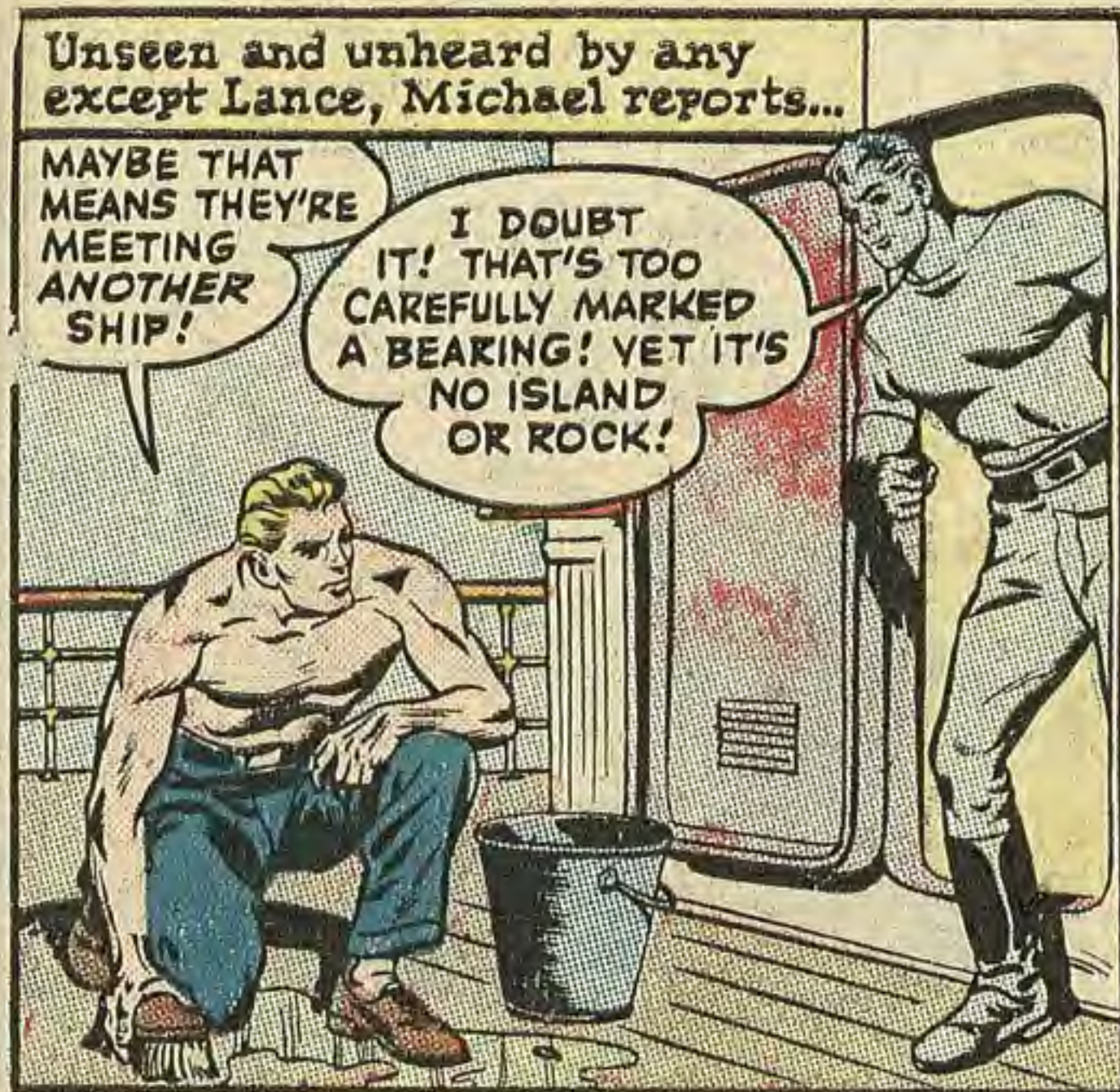


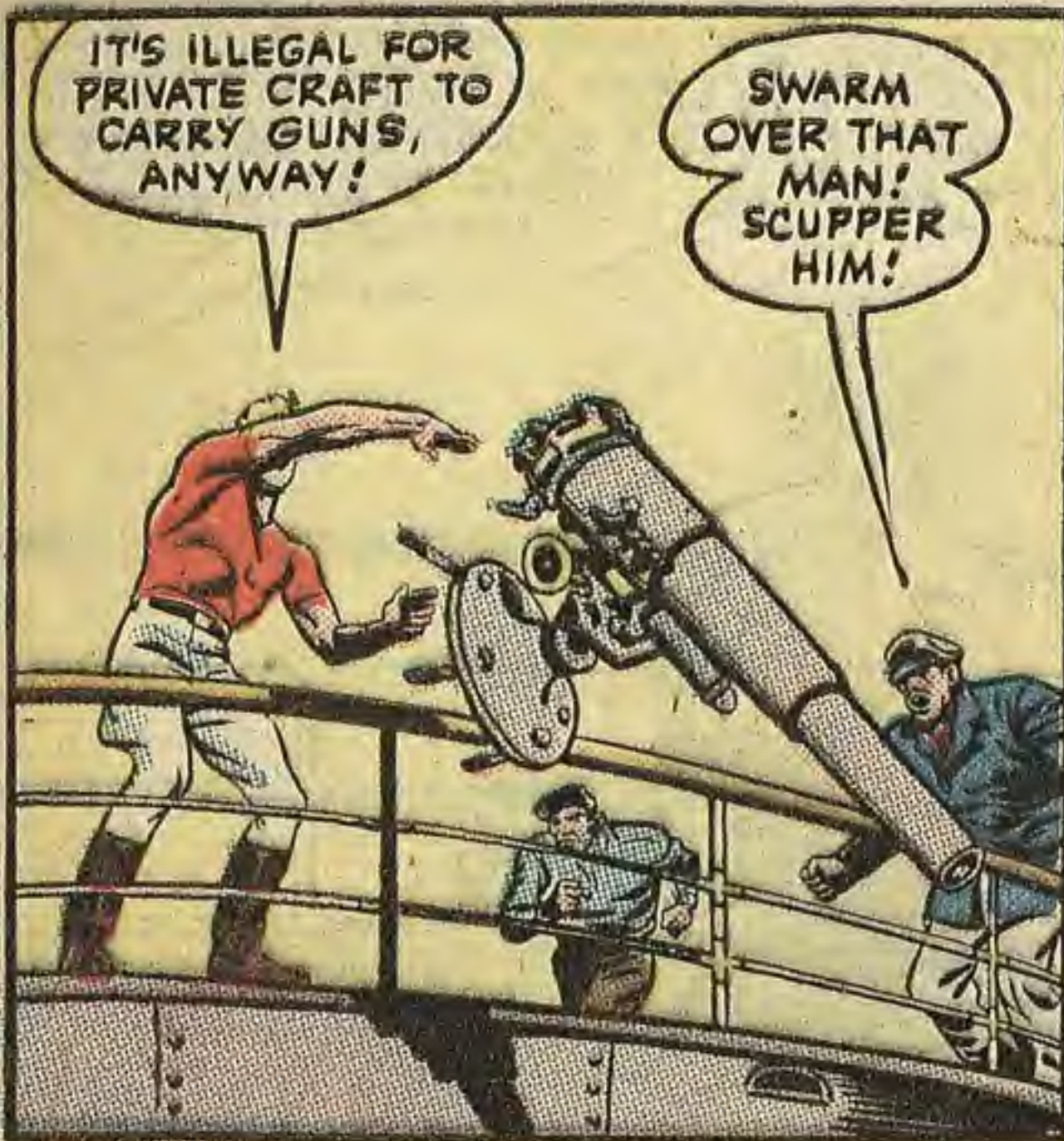


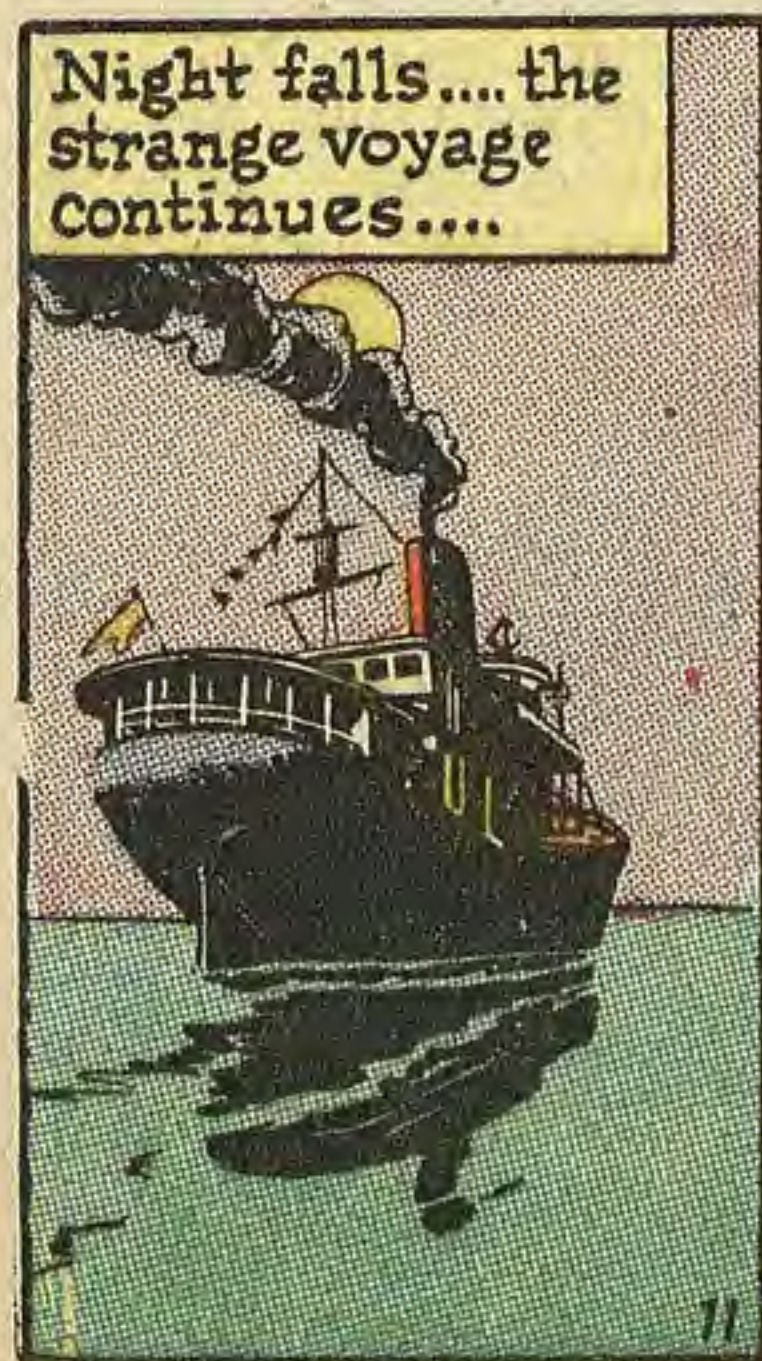
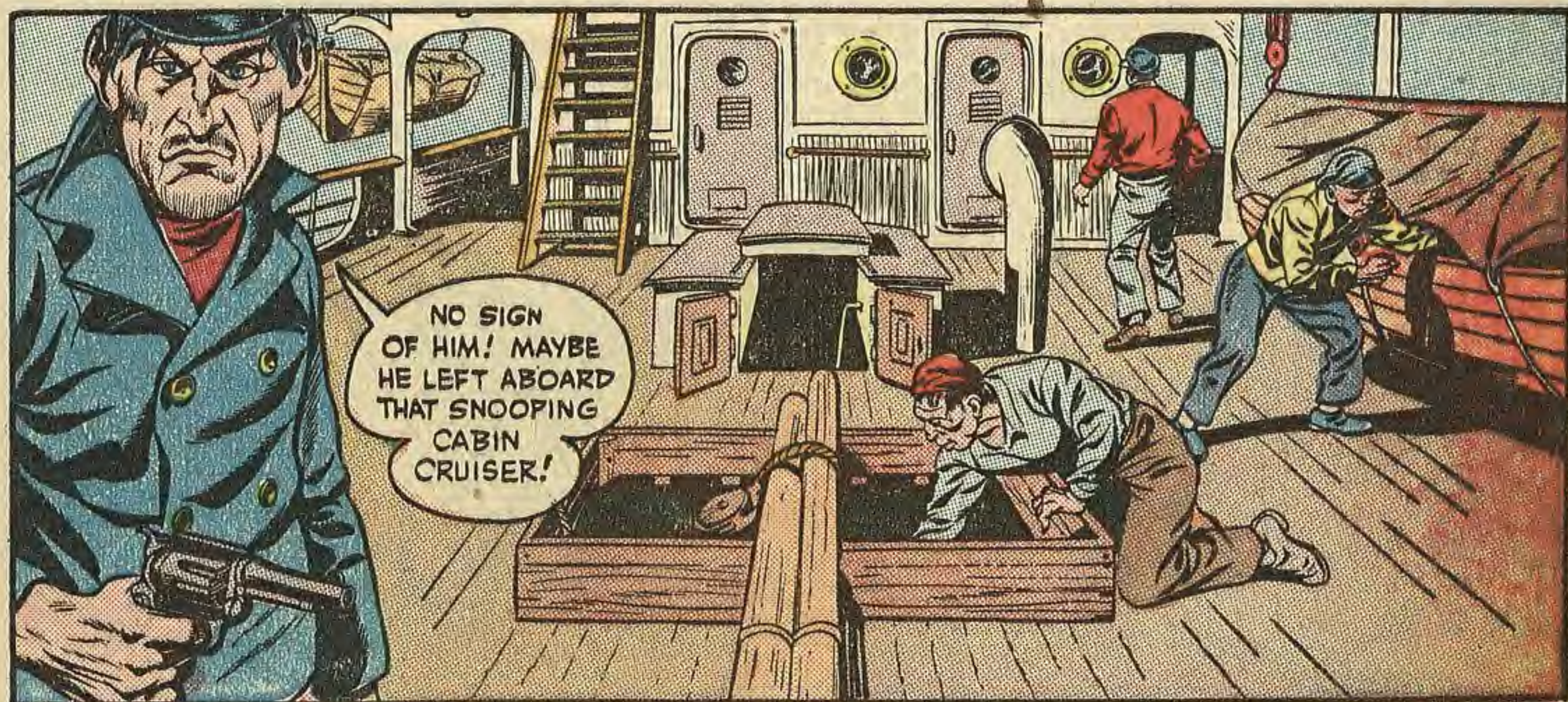
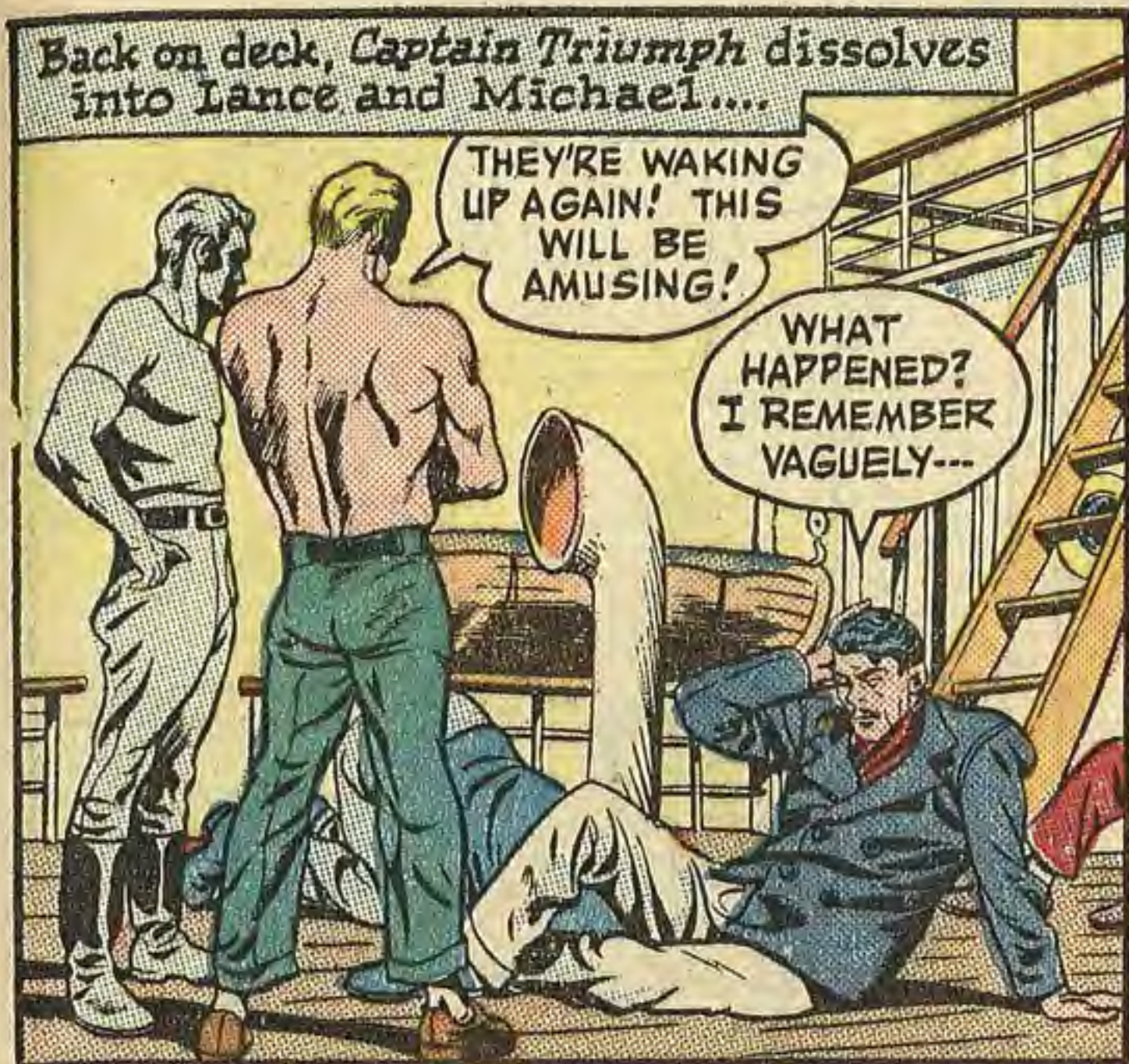


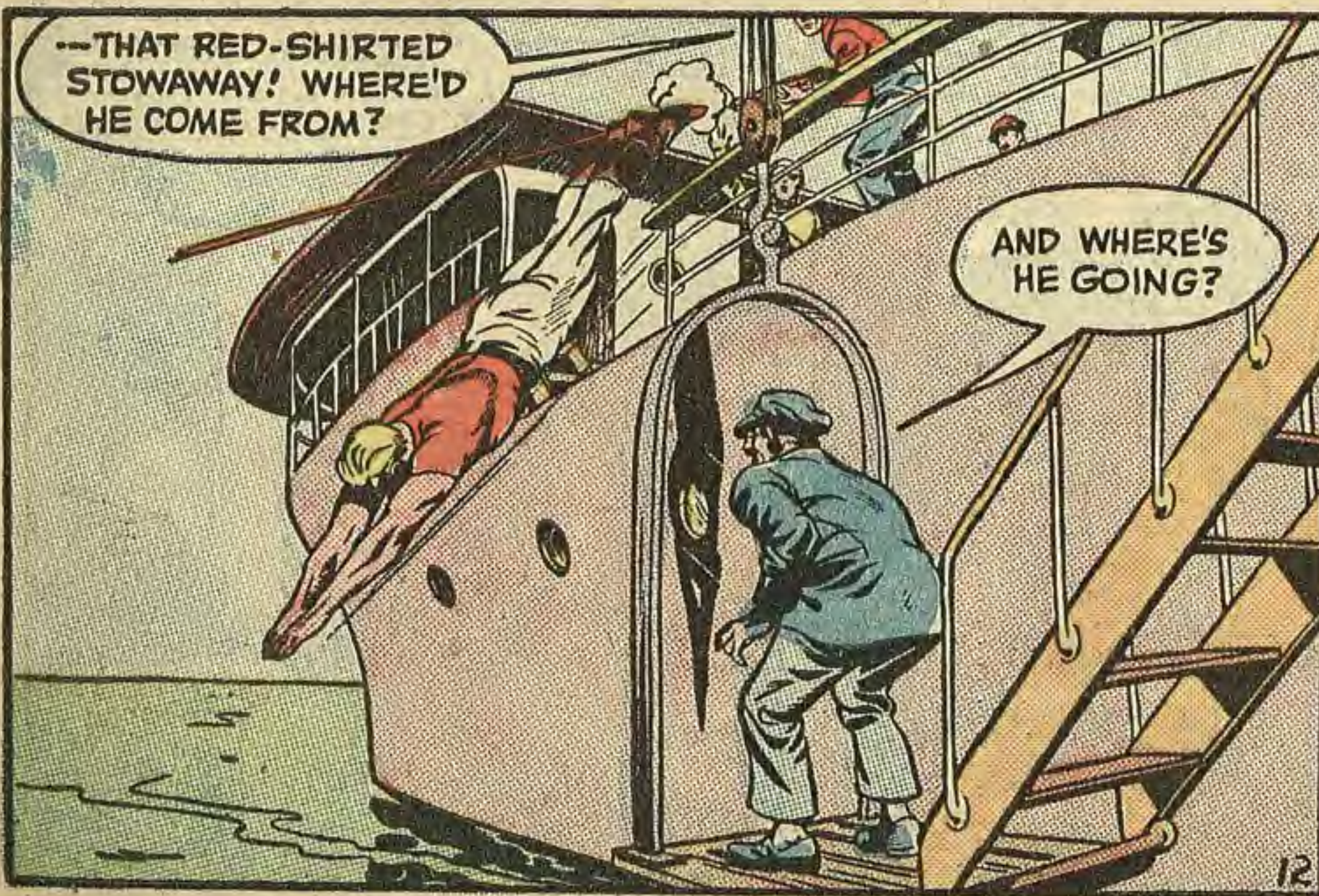






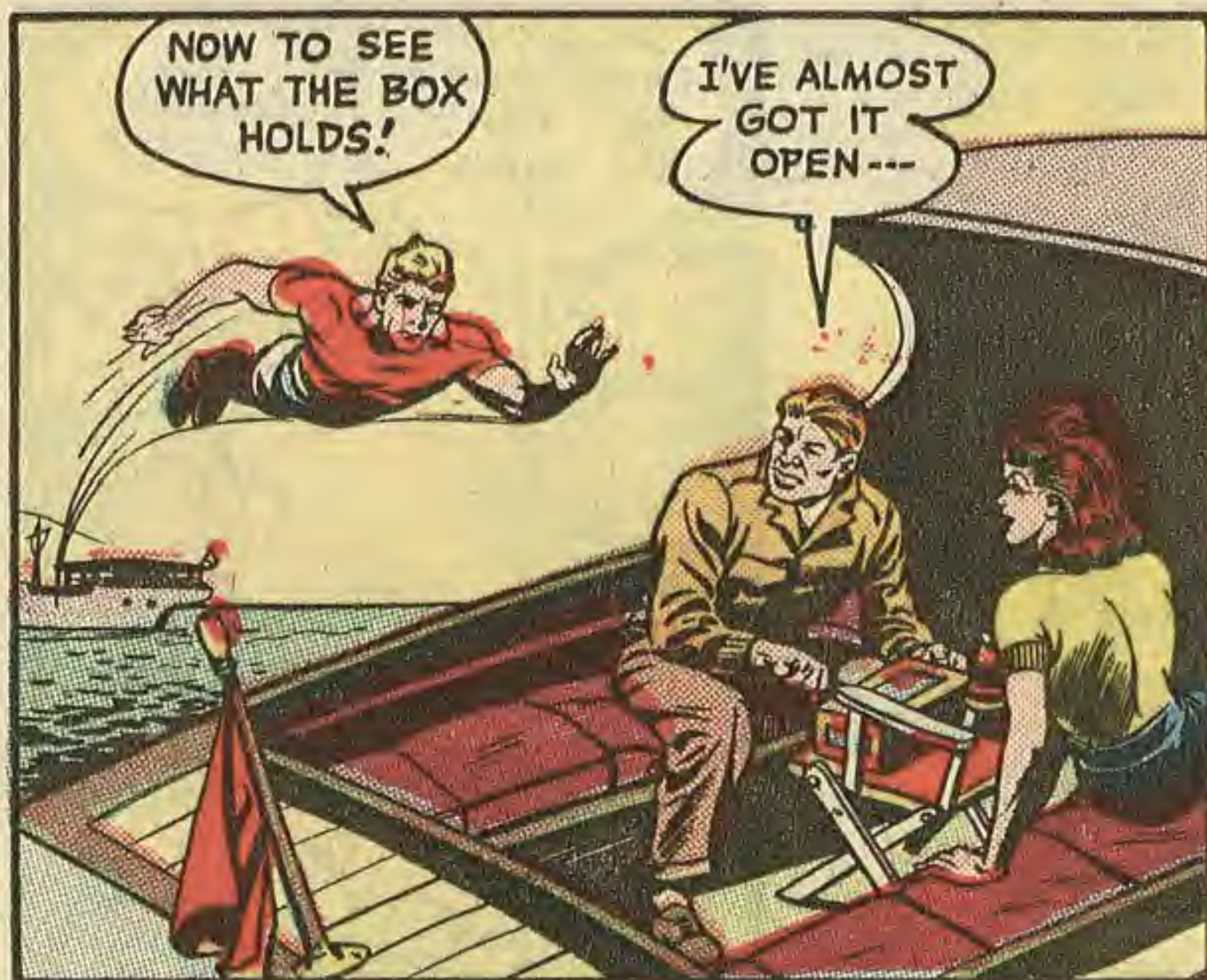


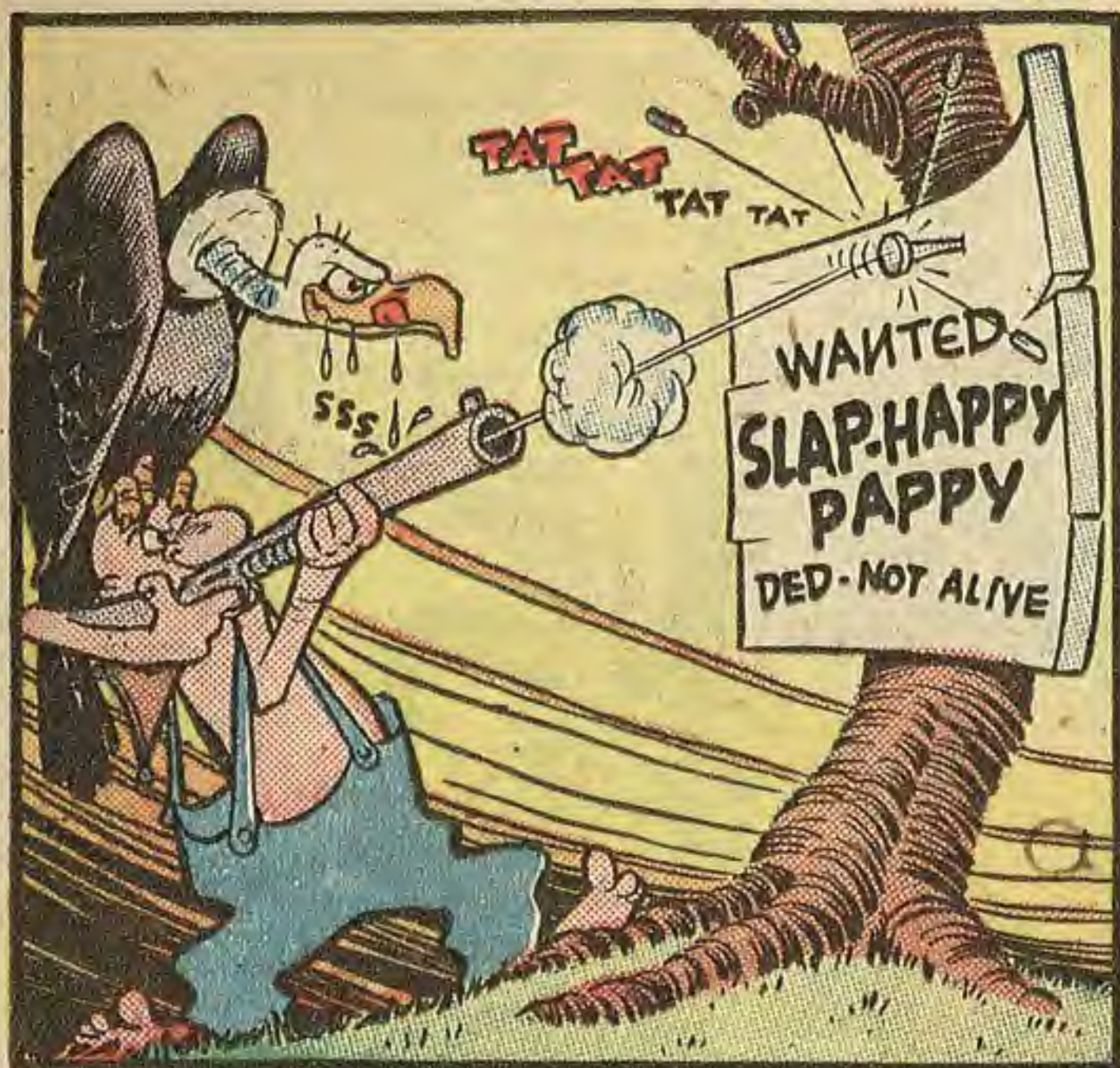






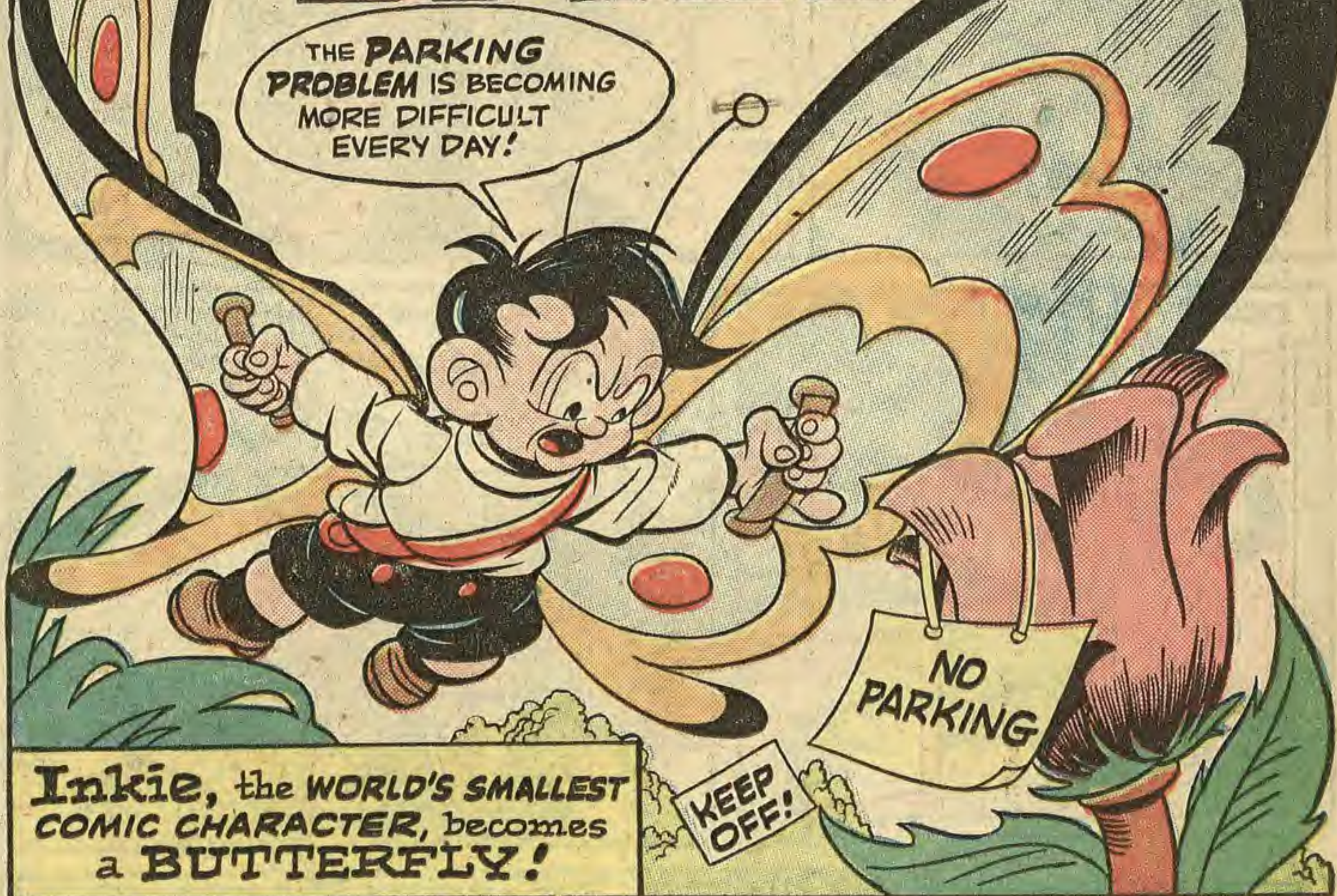






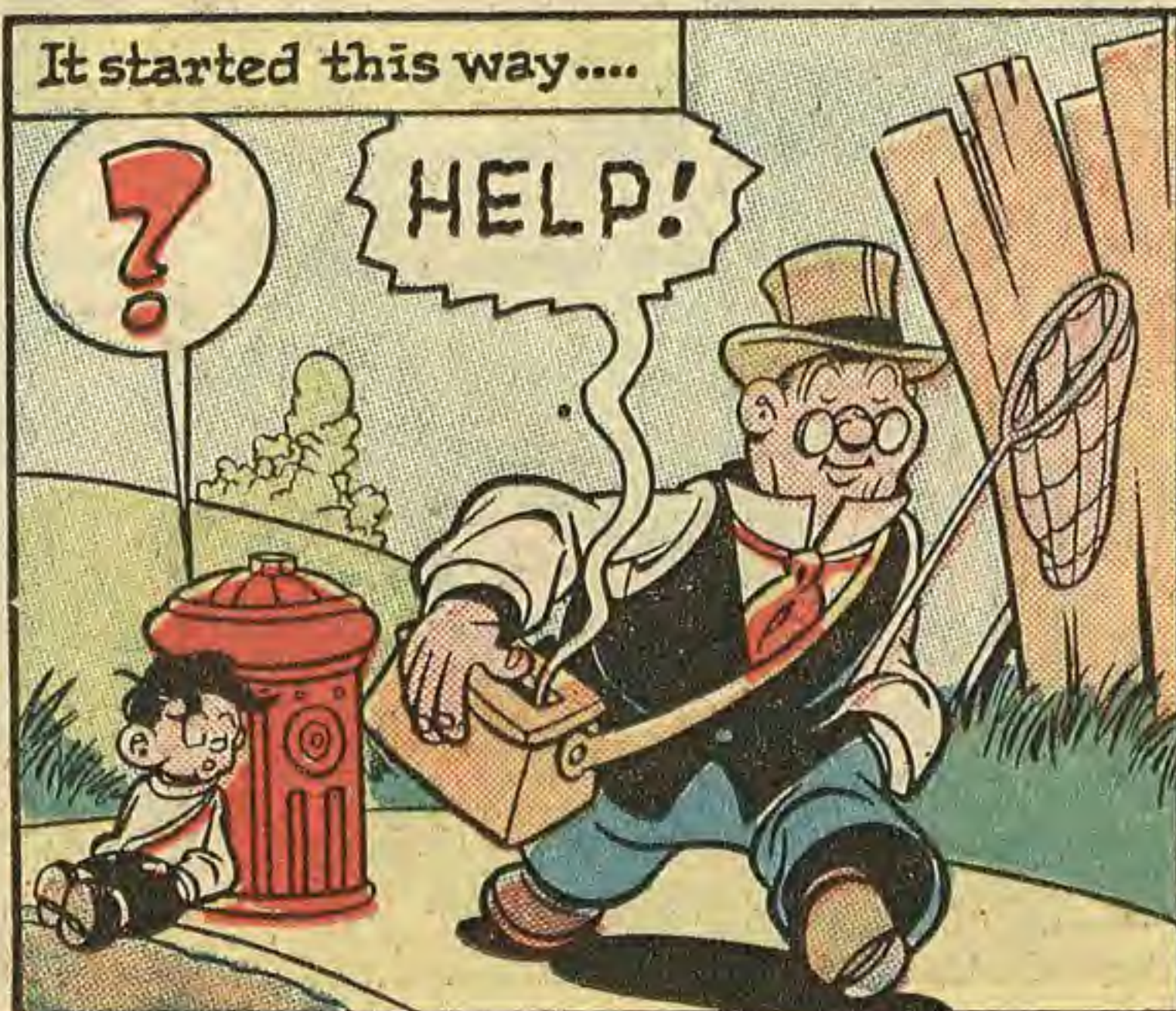
INKIE

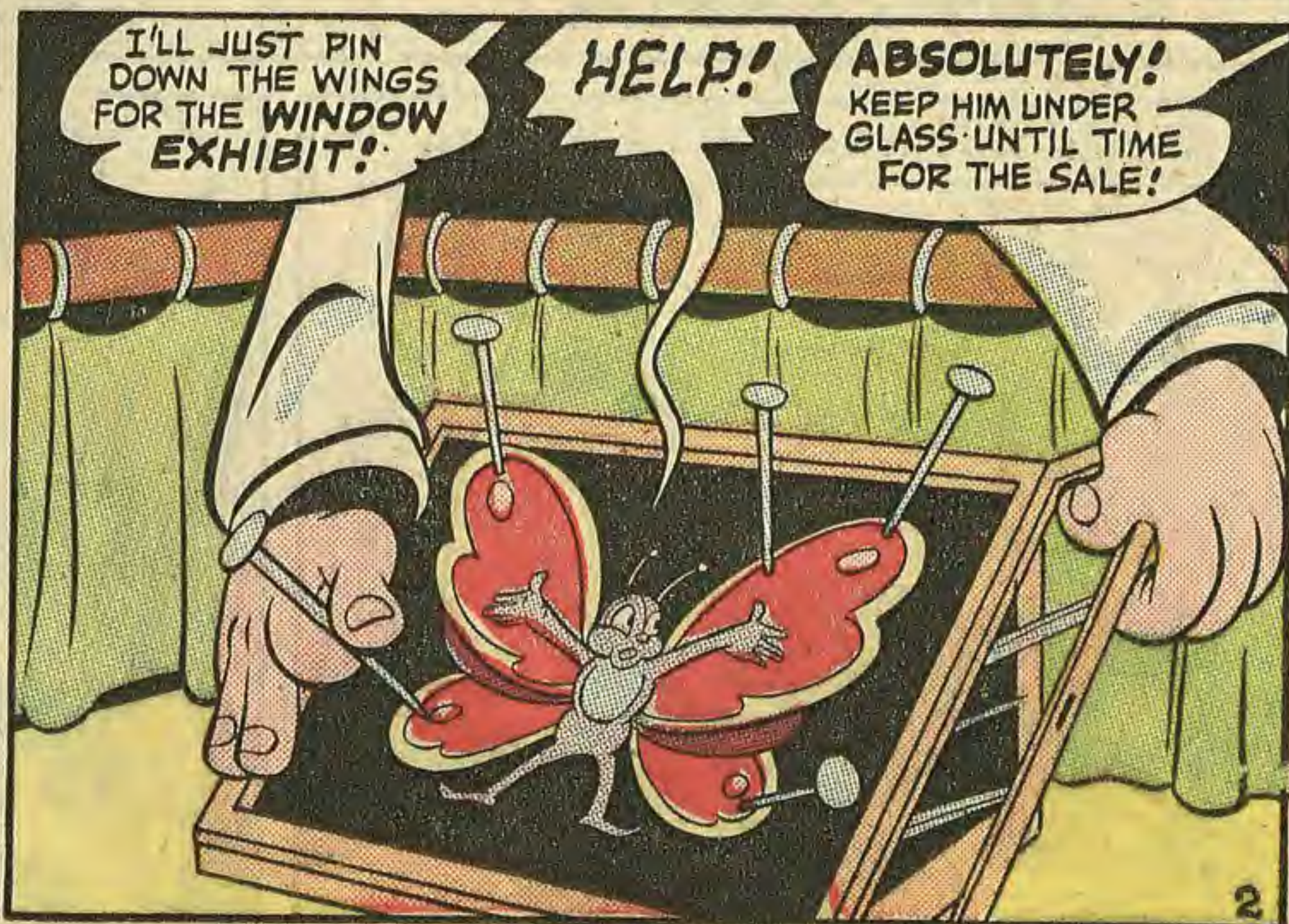
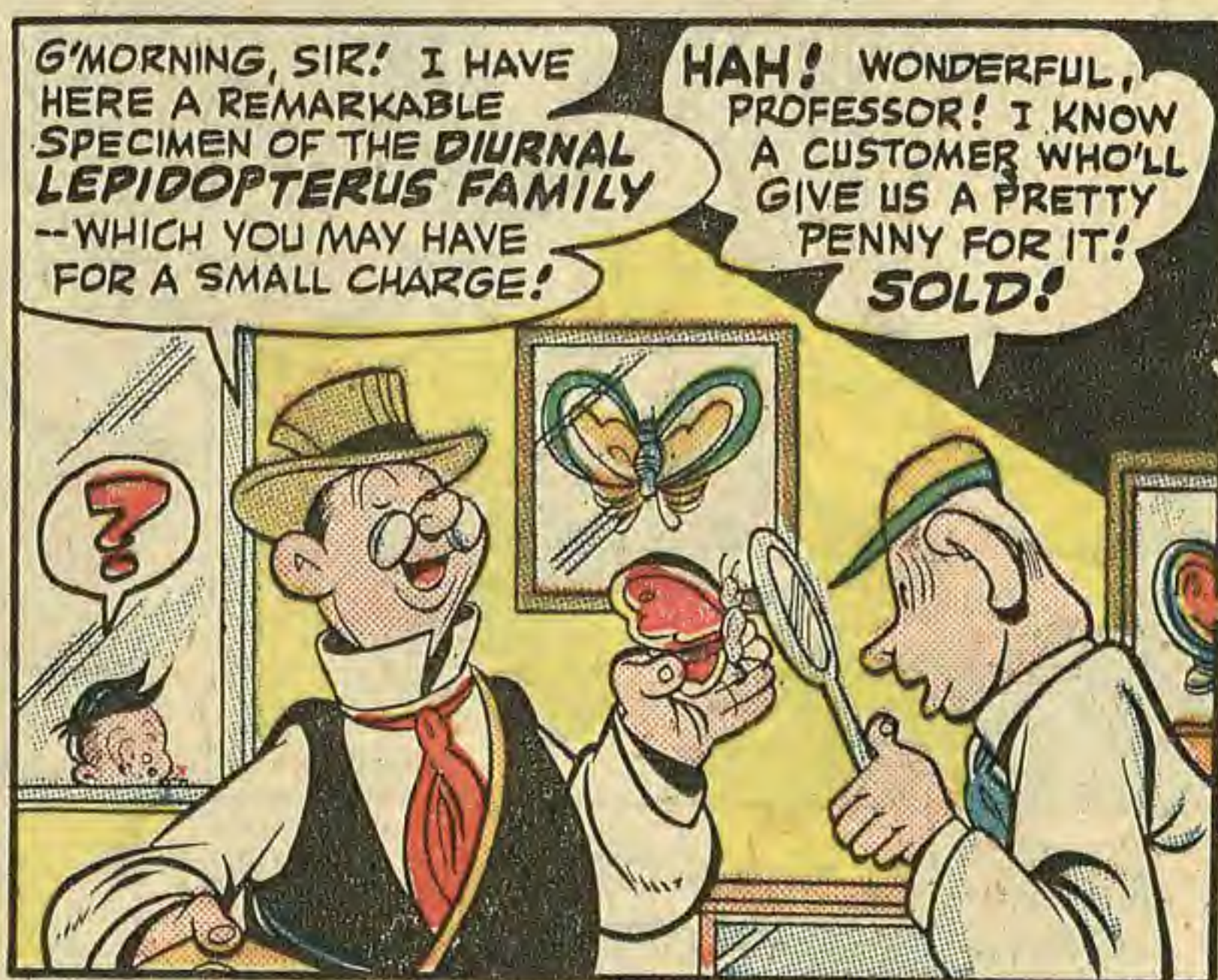
THE **PARKING**
PROBLEM IS BECOMING
MORE DIFFICULT
EVERY DAY!

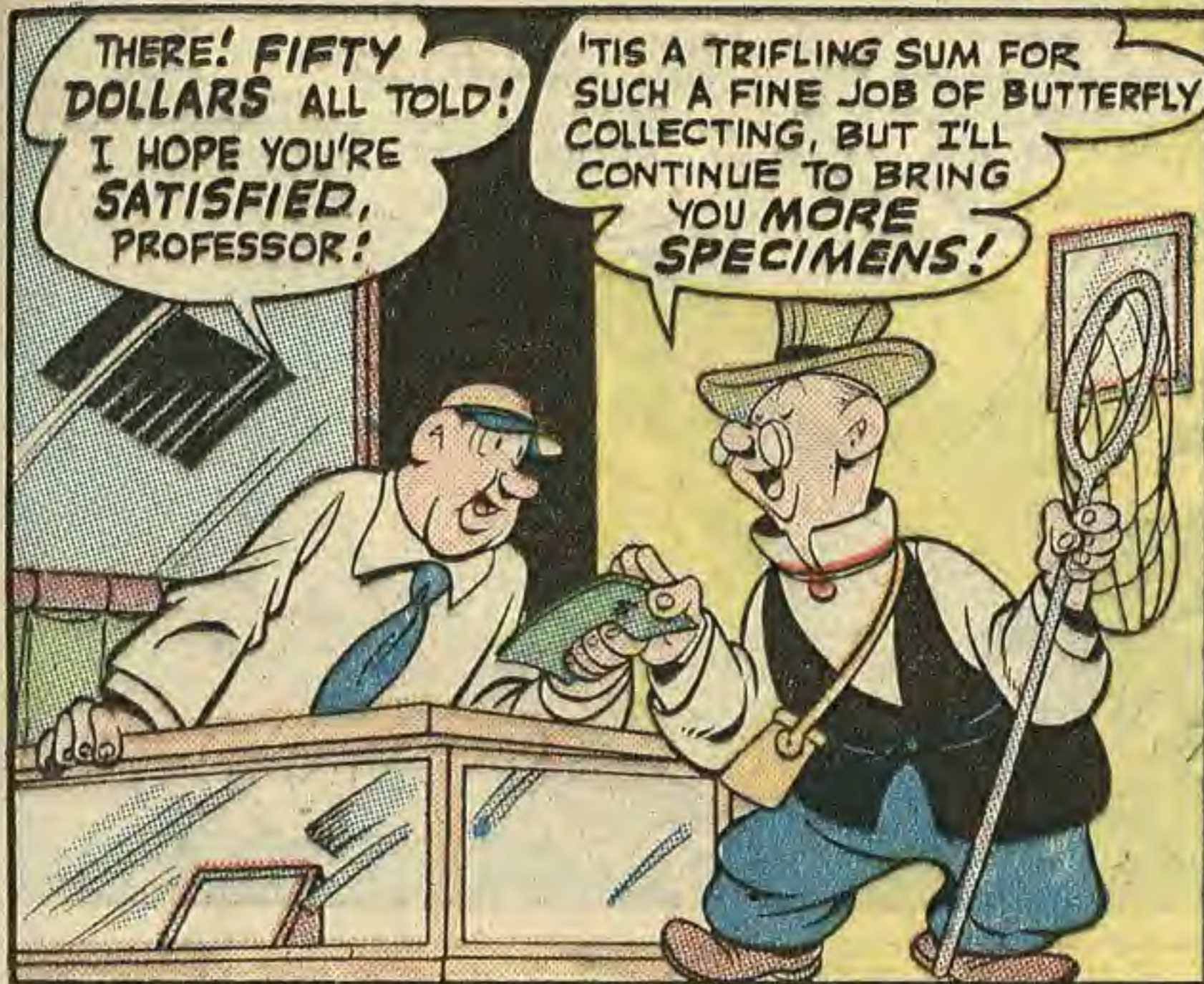


**Inkie, the WORLD'S SMALLEST
COMIC CHARACTER, becomes
a BUTTERFLY!**

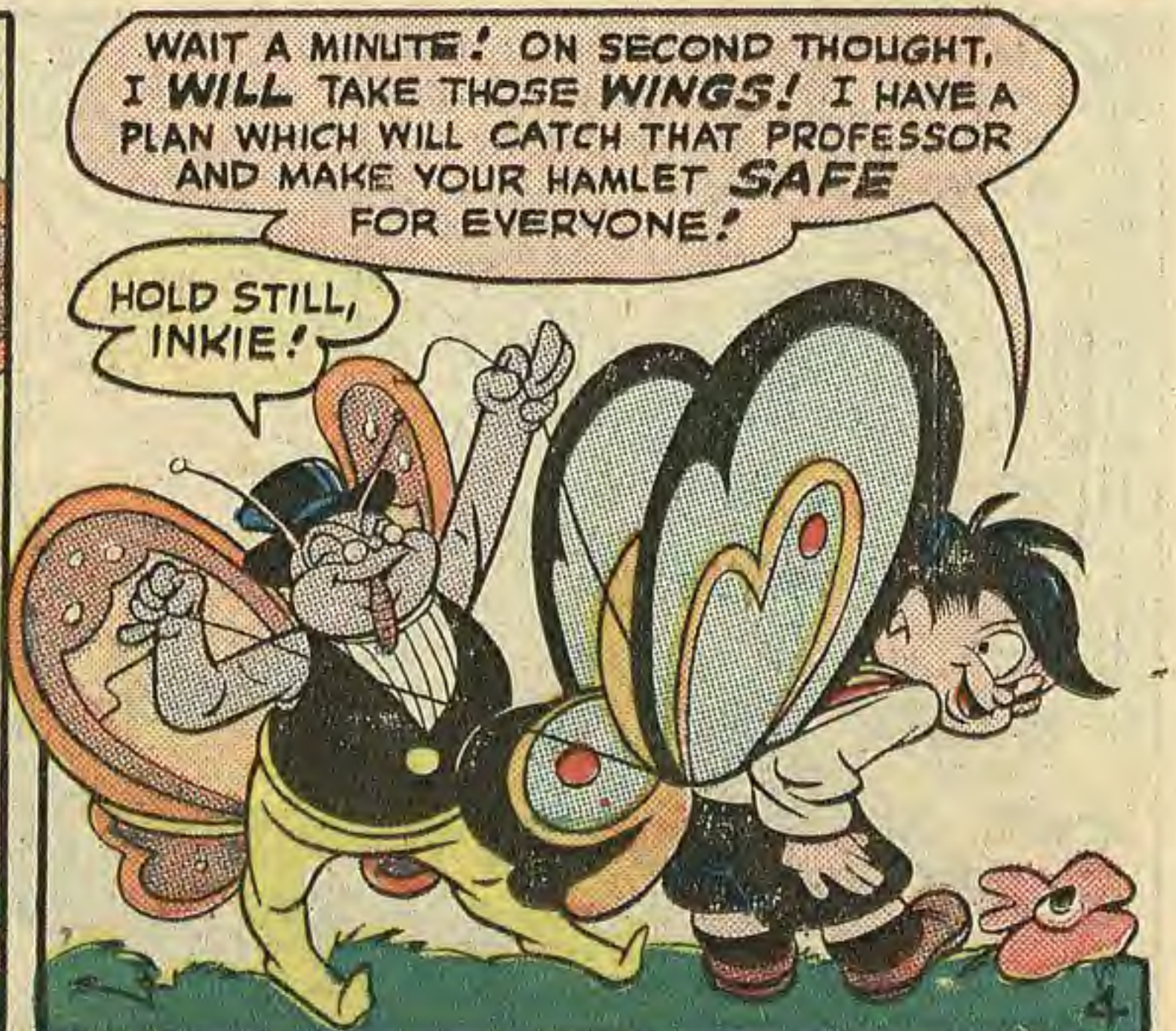
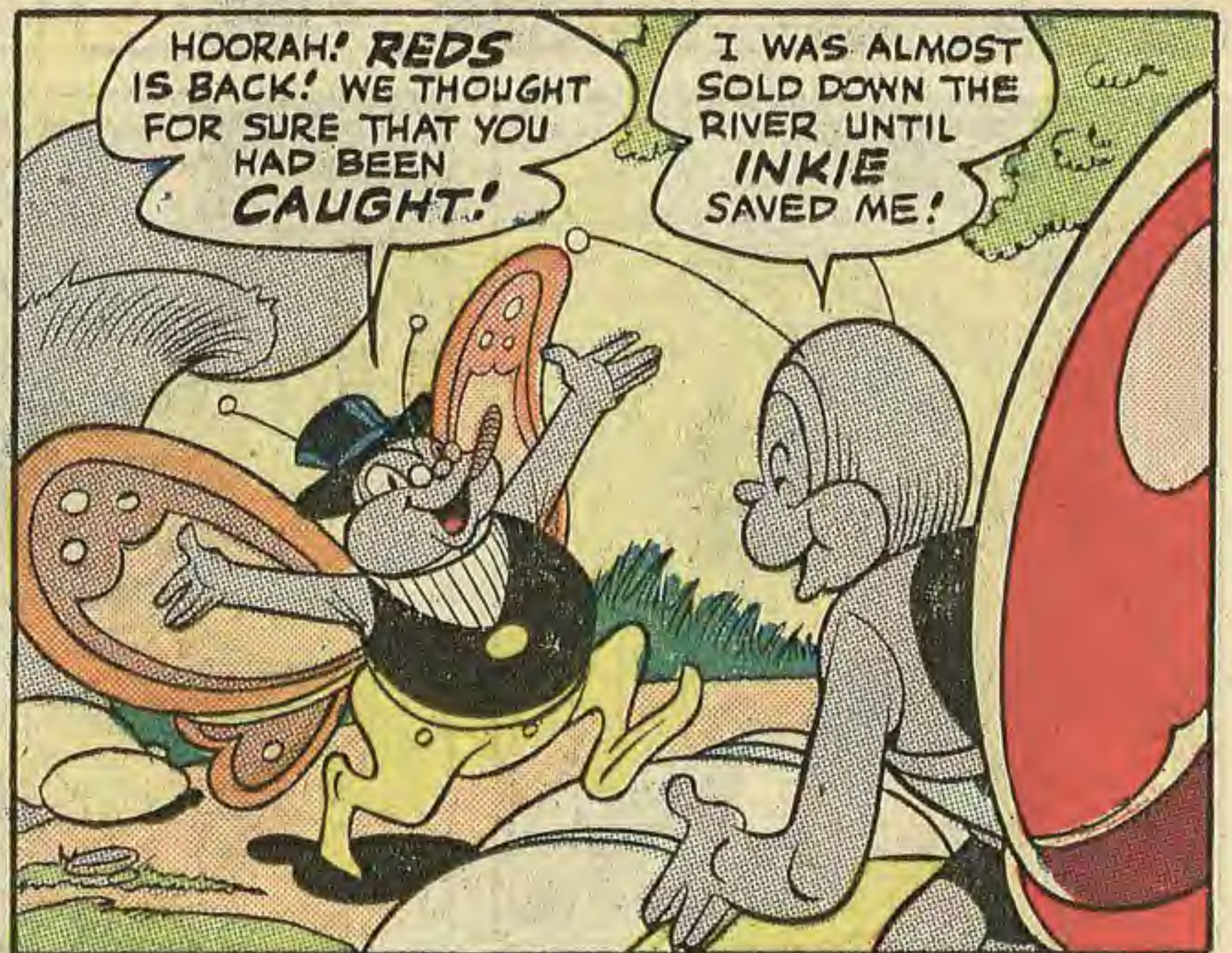
It started this way....

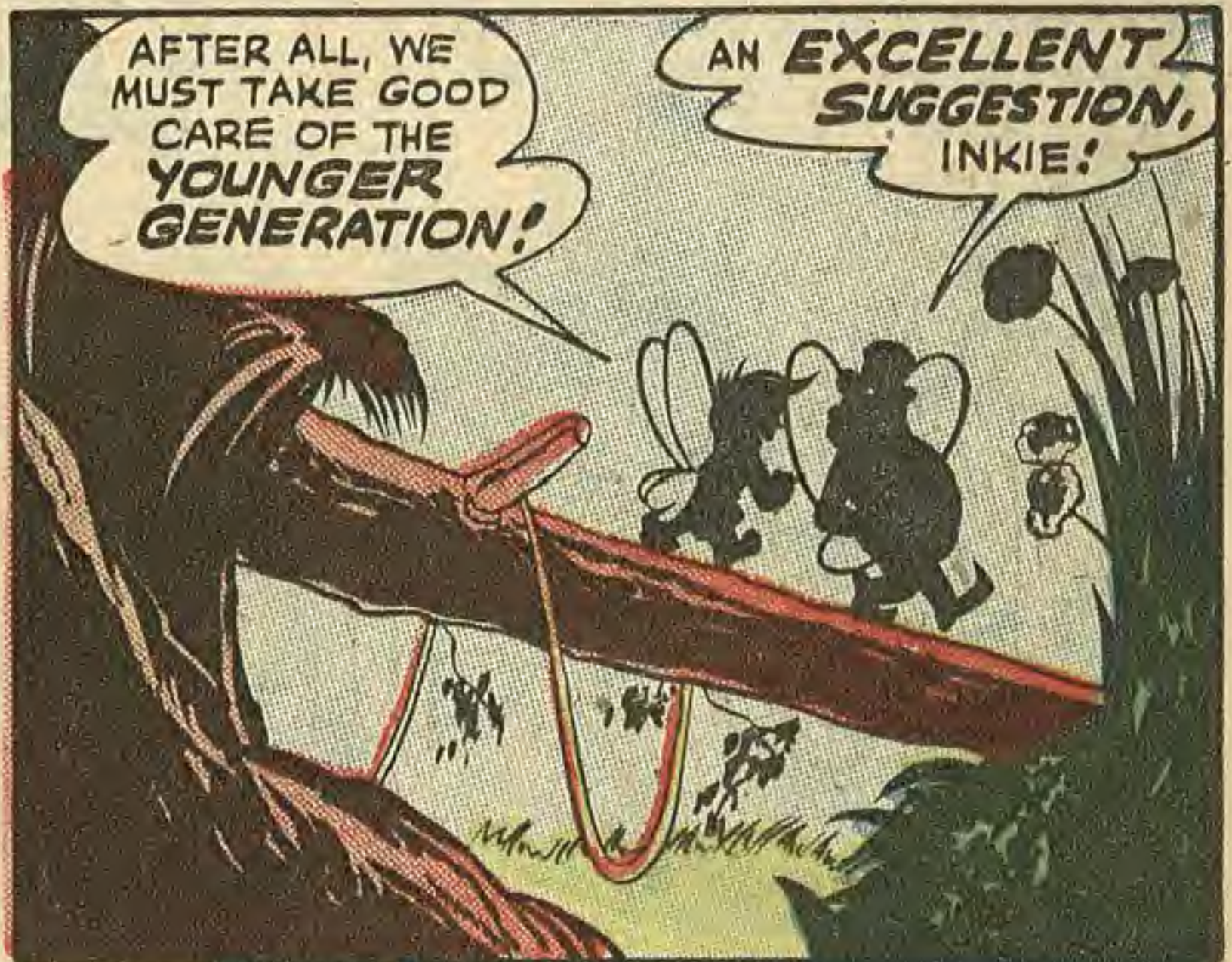
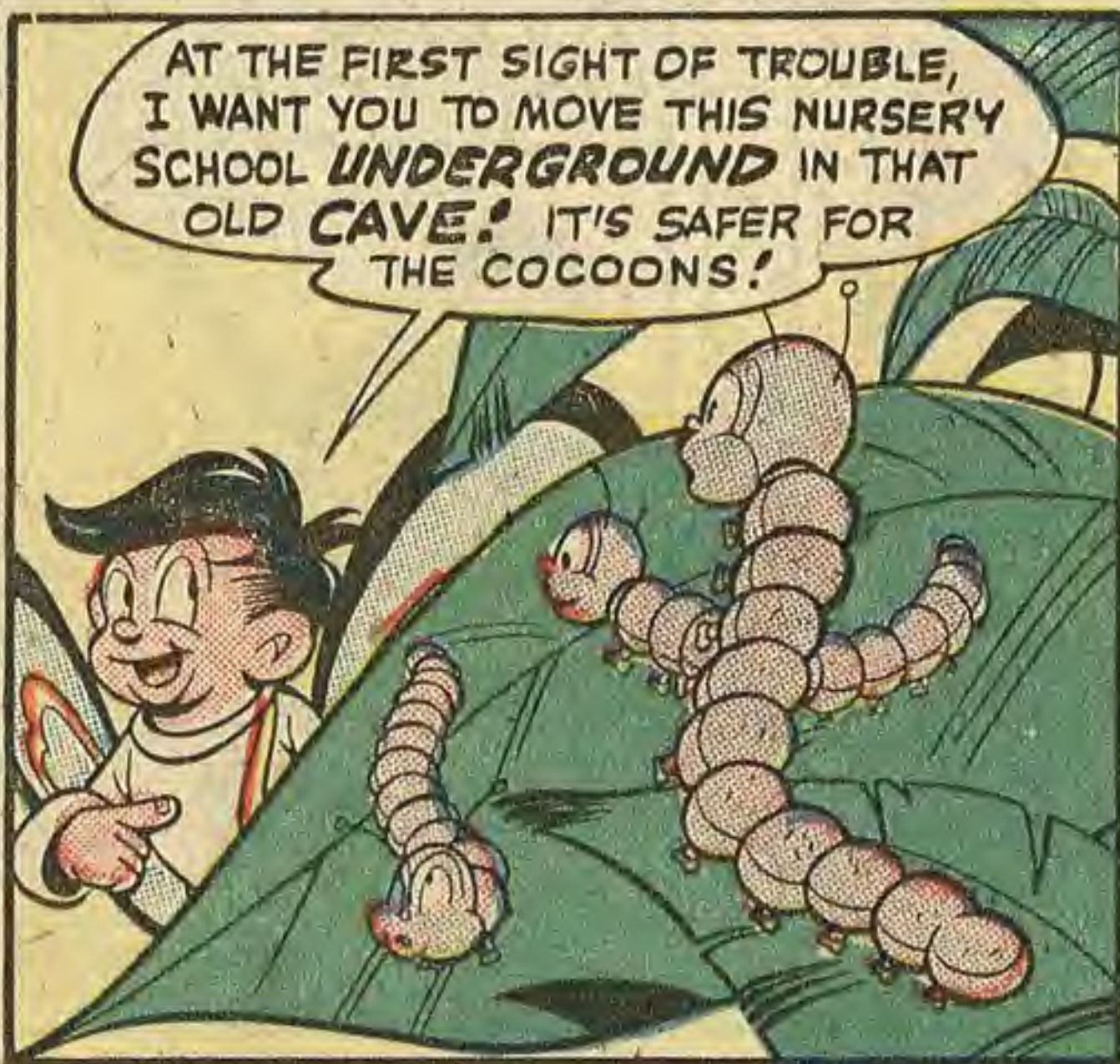
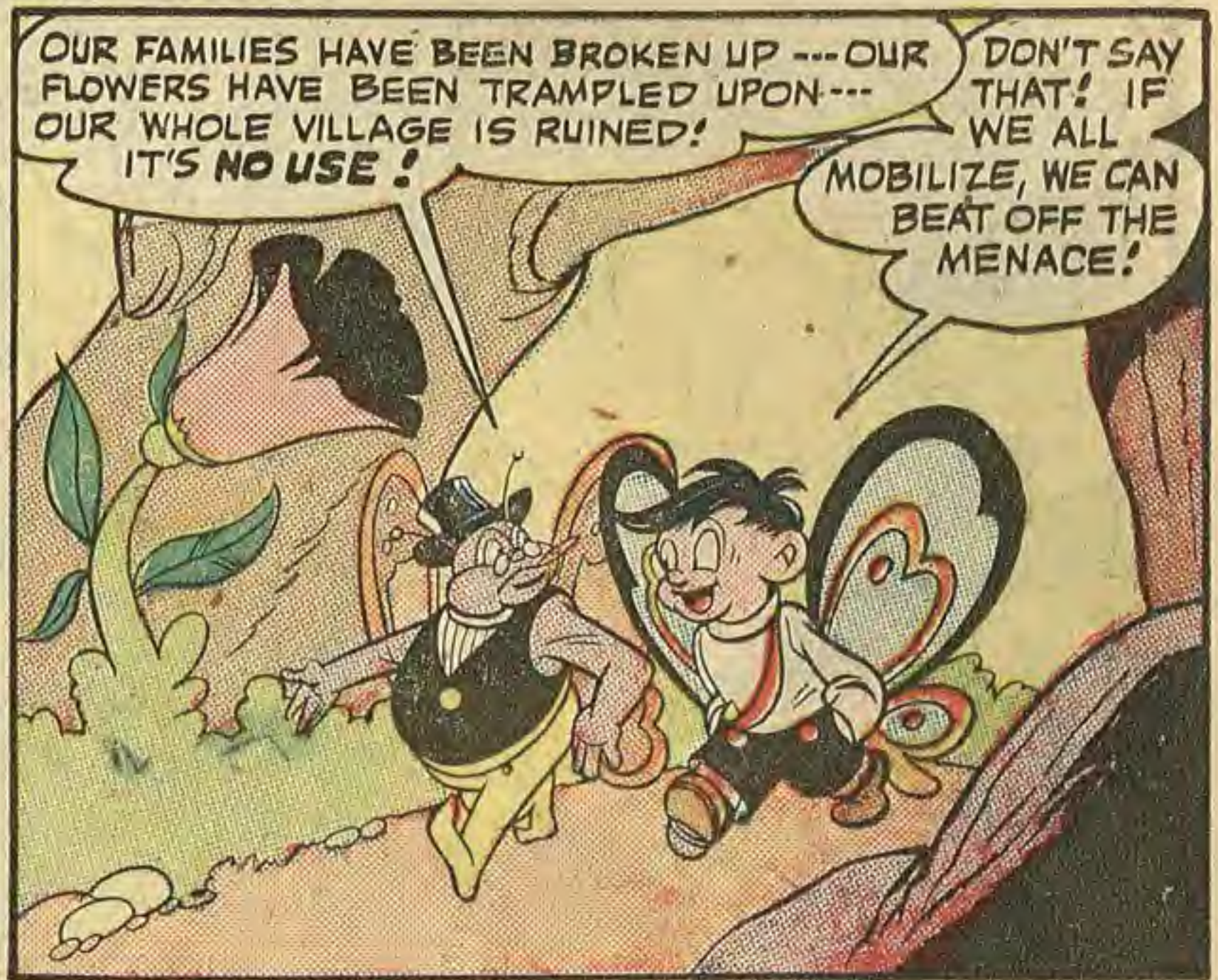
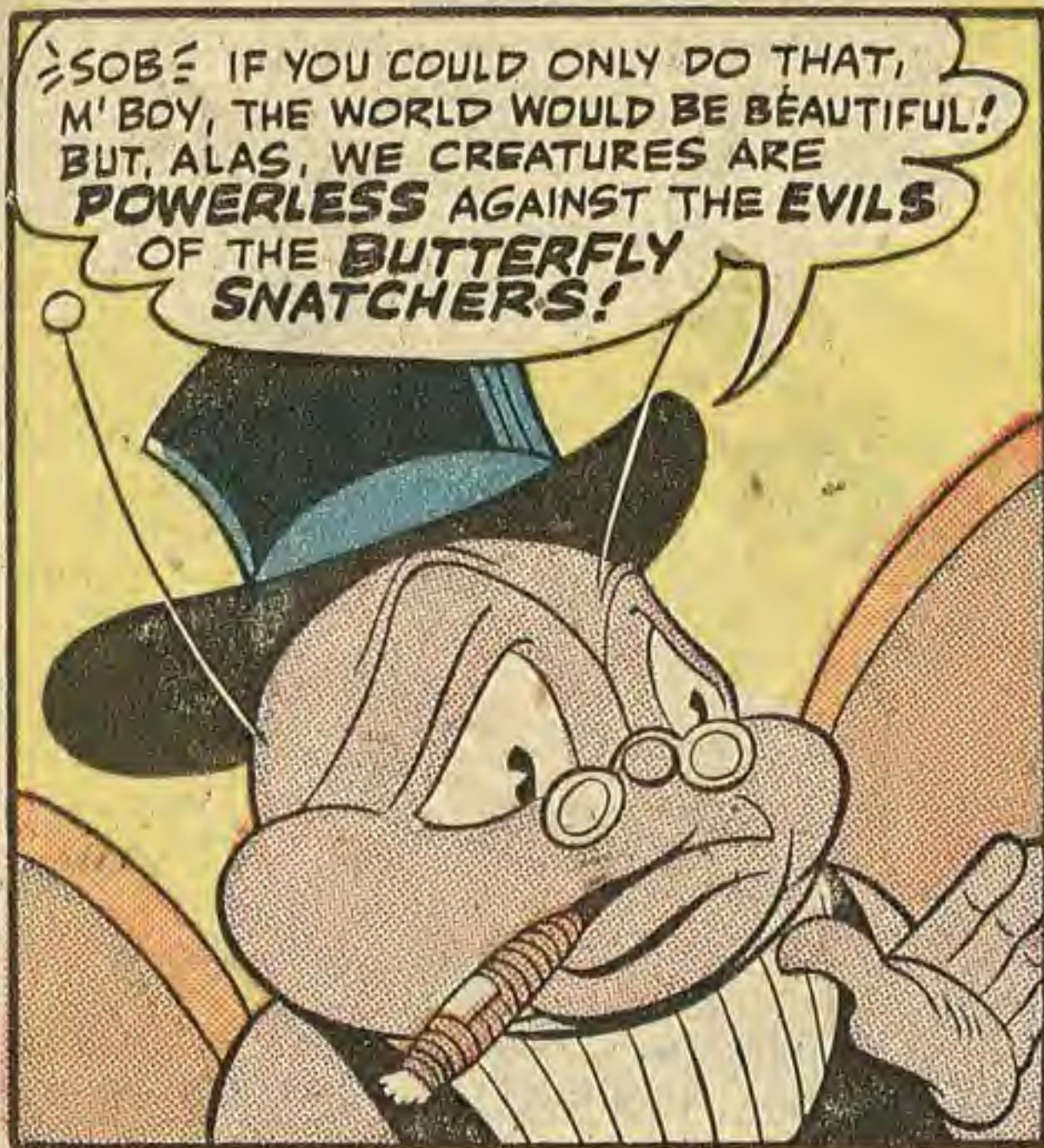


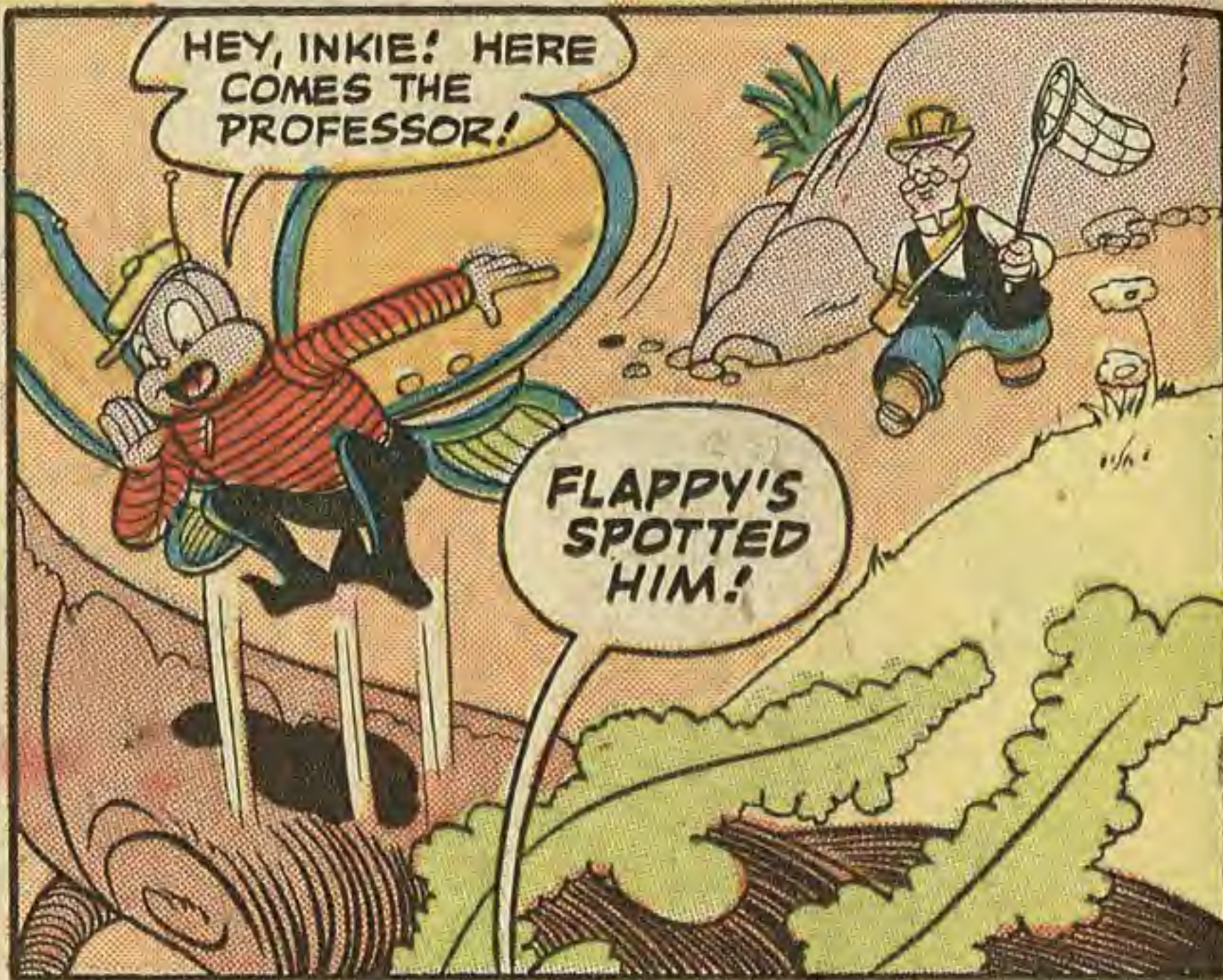


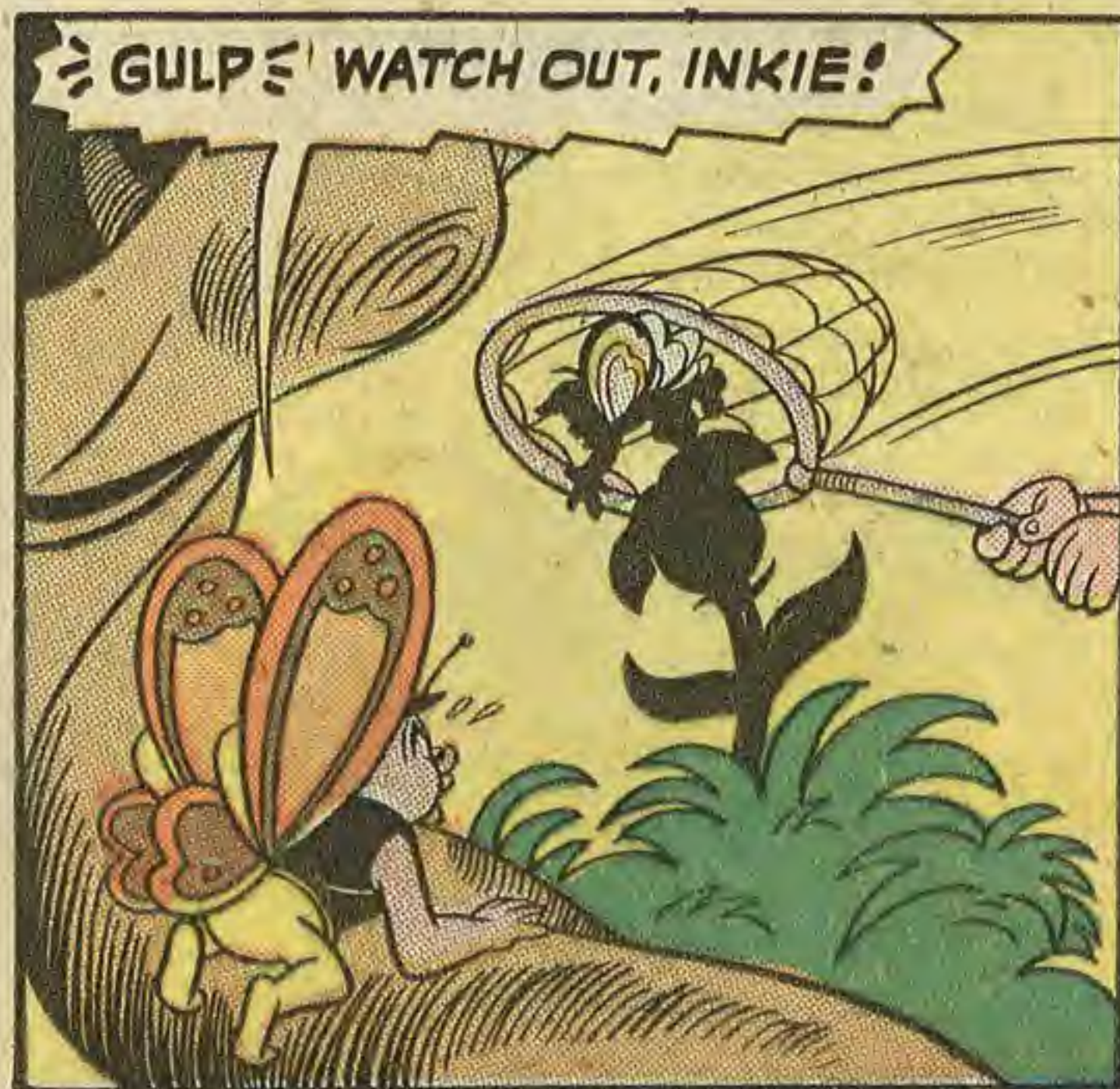
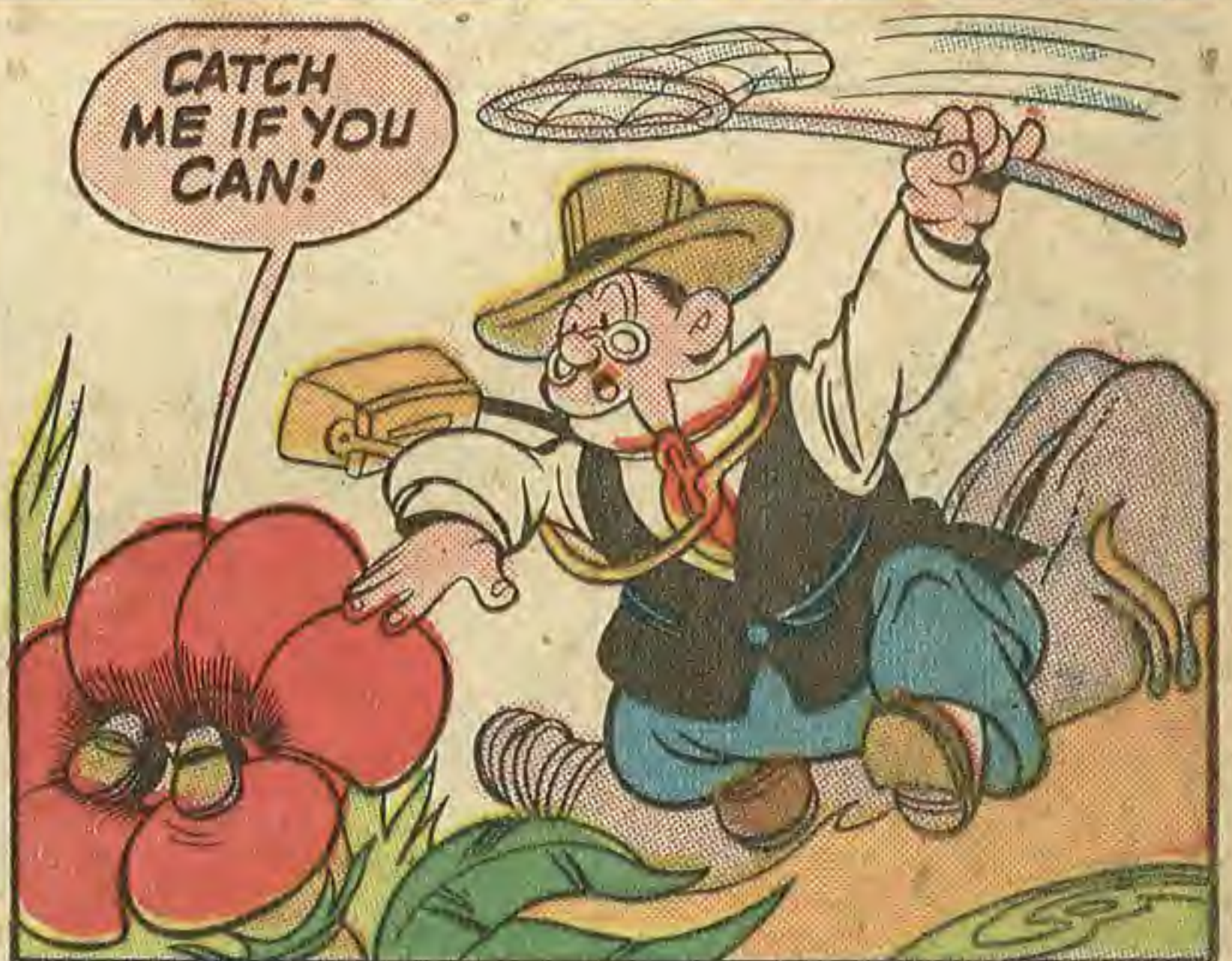
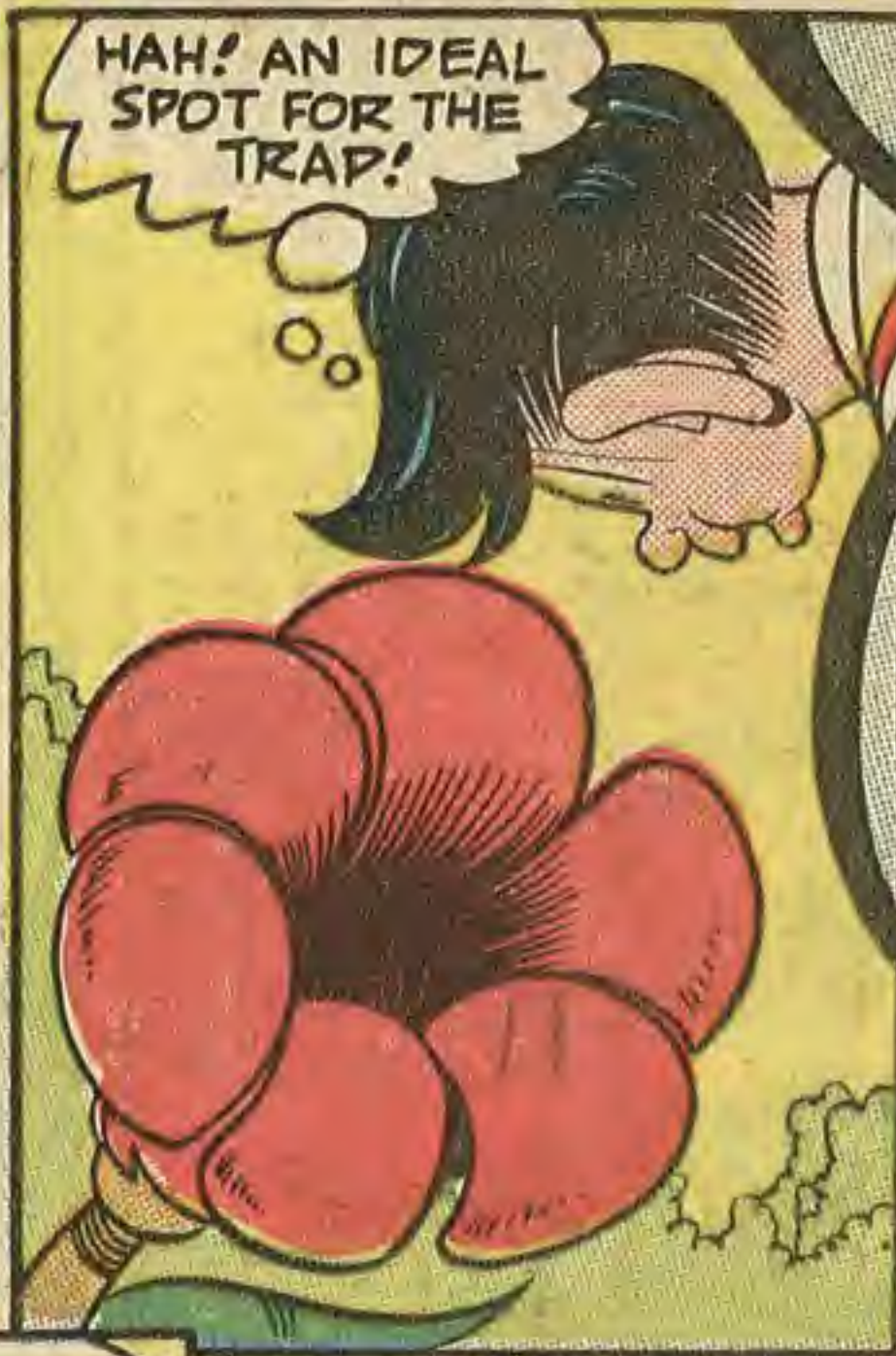


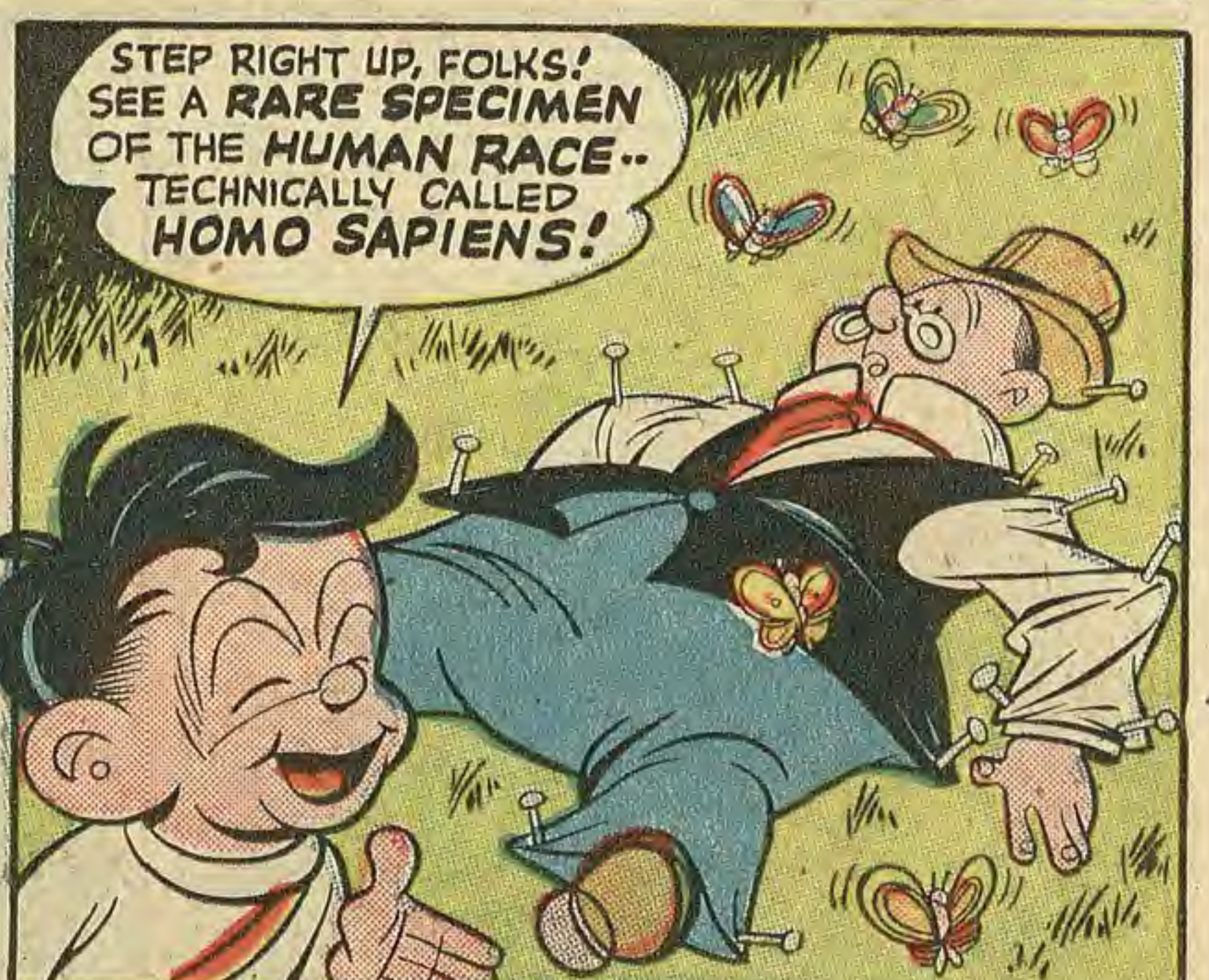
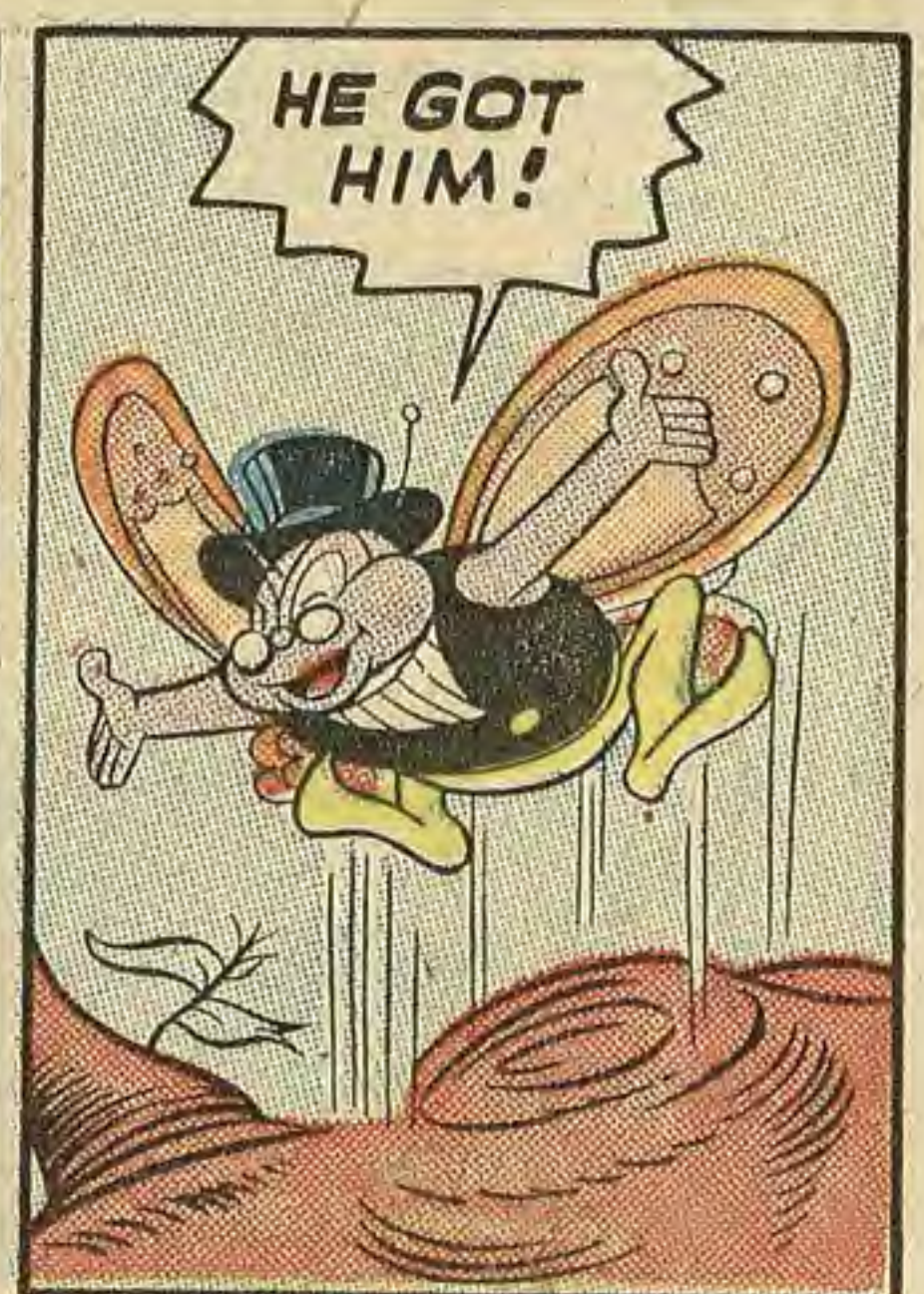
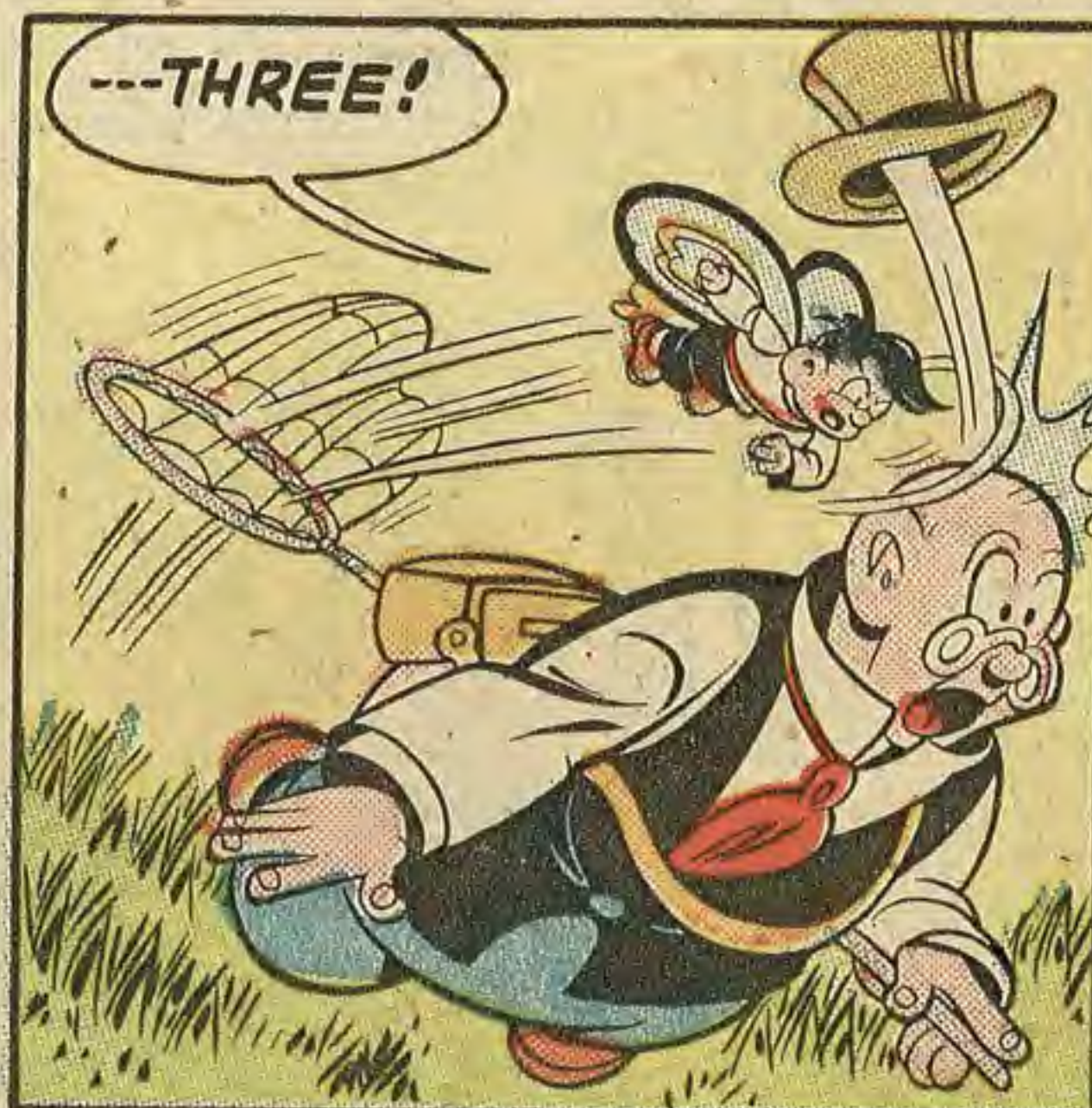
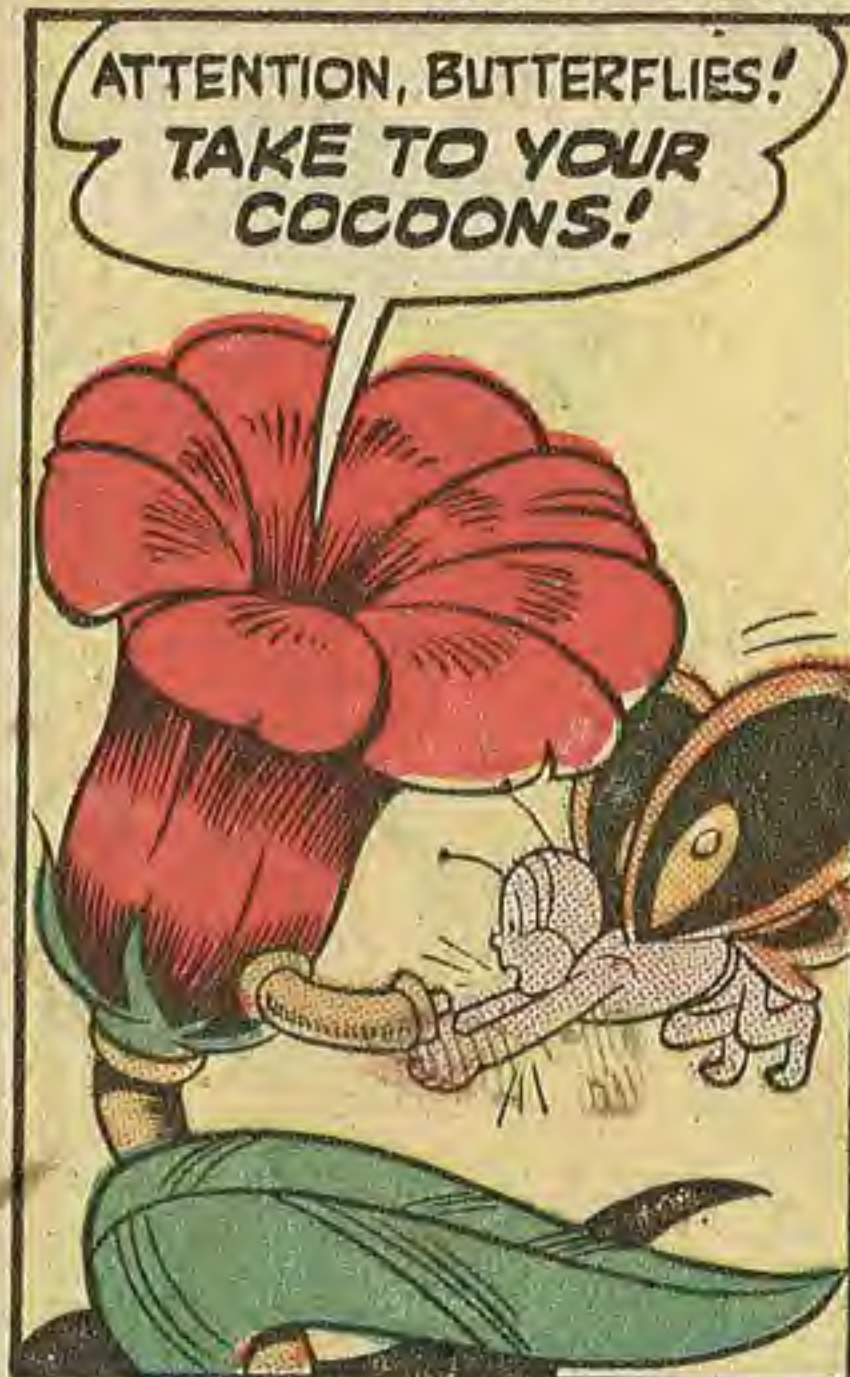
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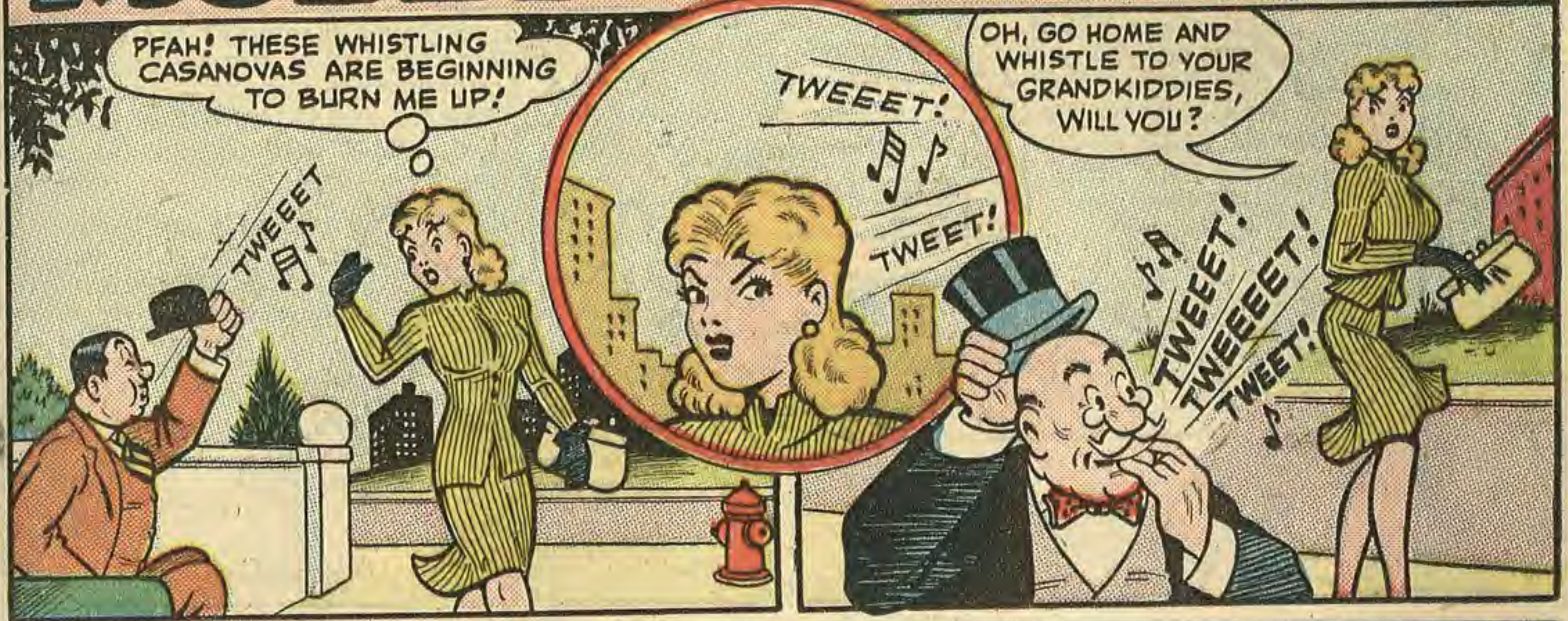




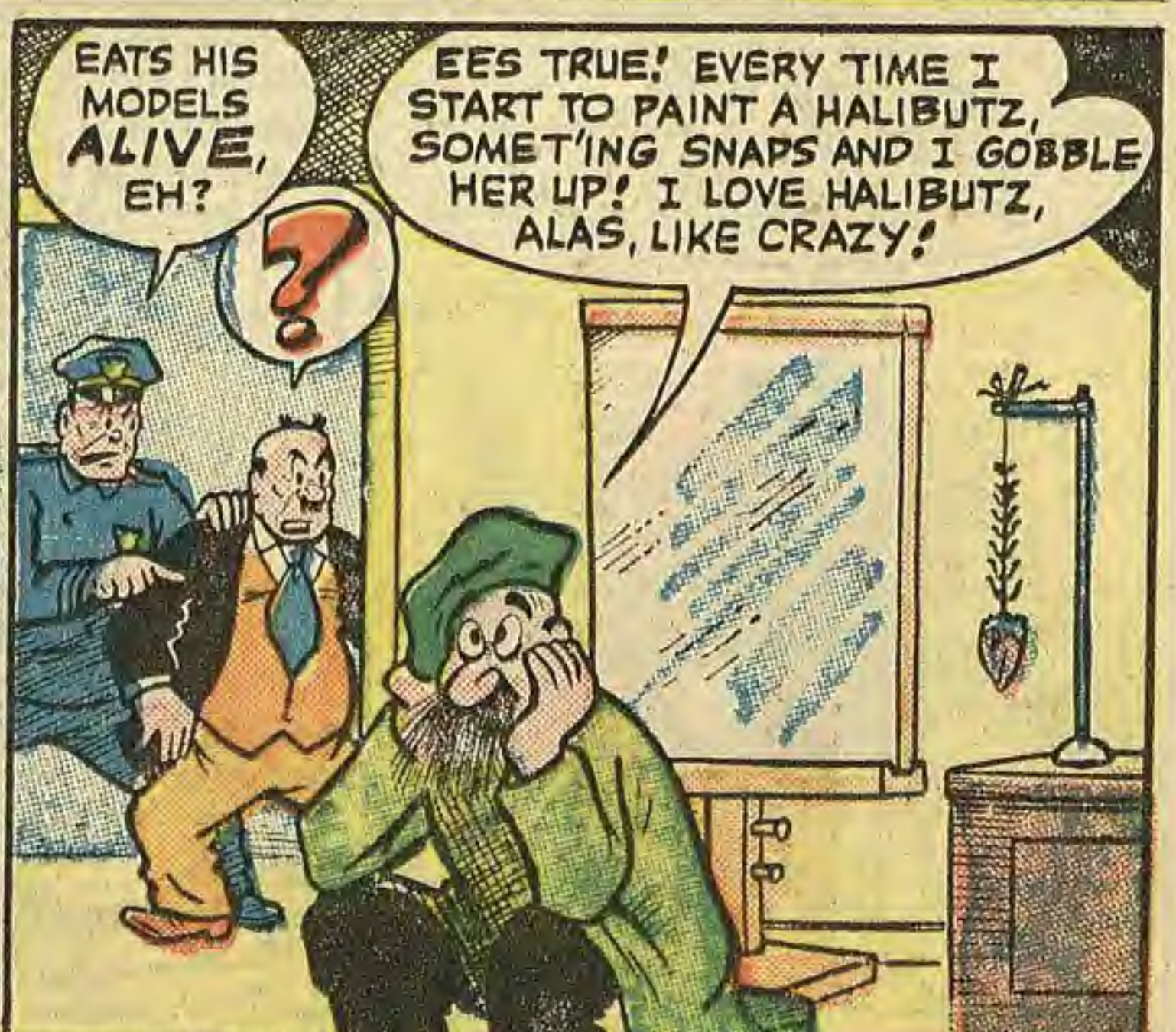




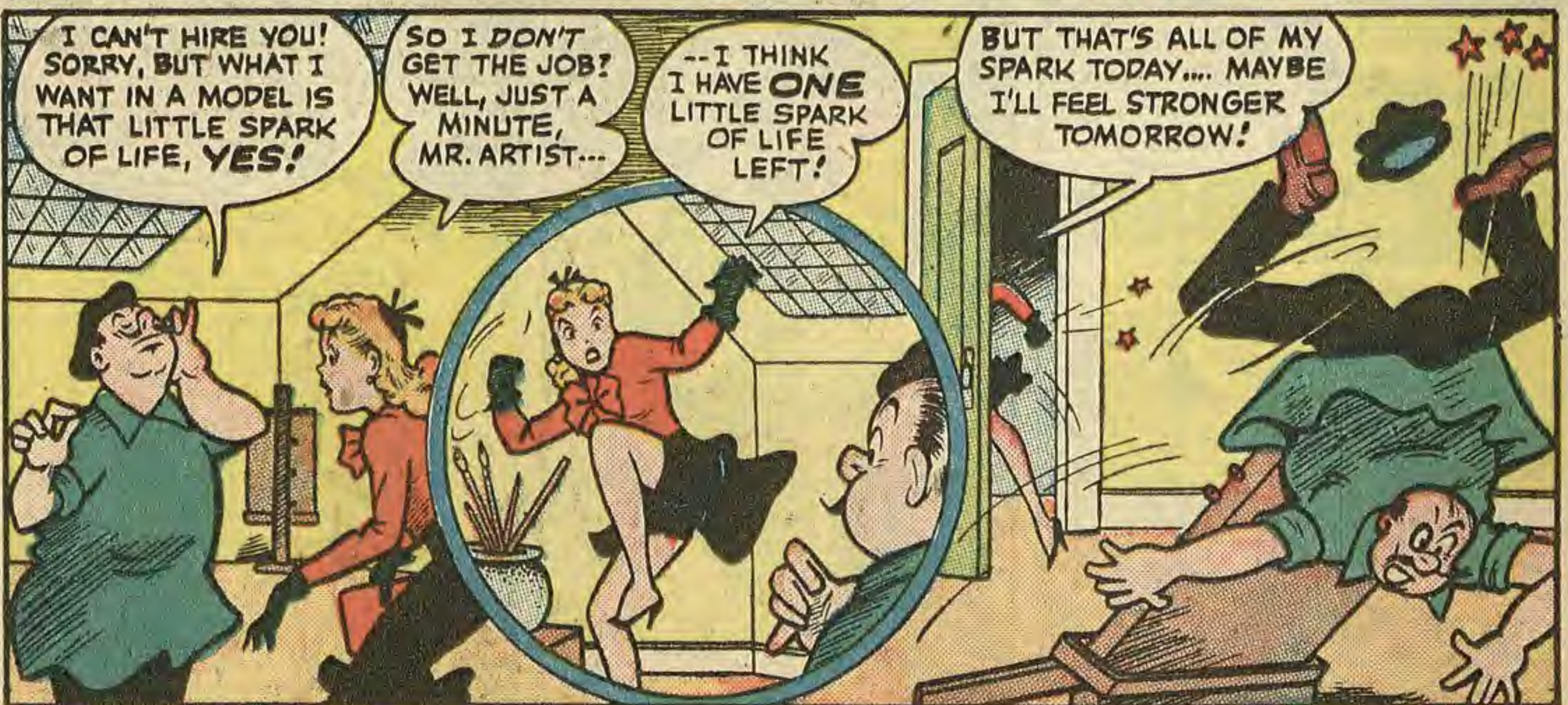
MOLLY THE MODEL

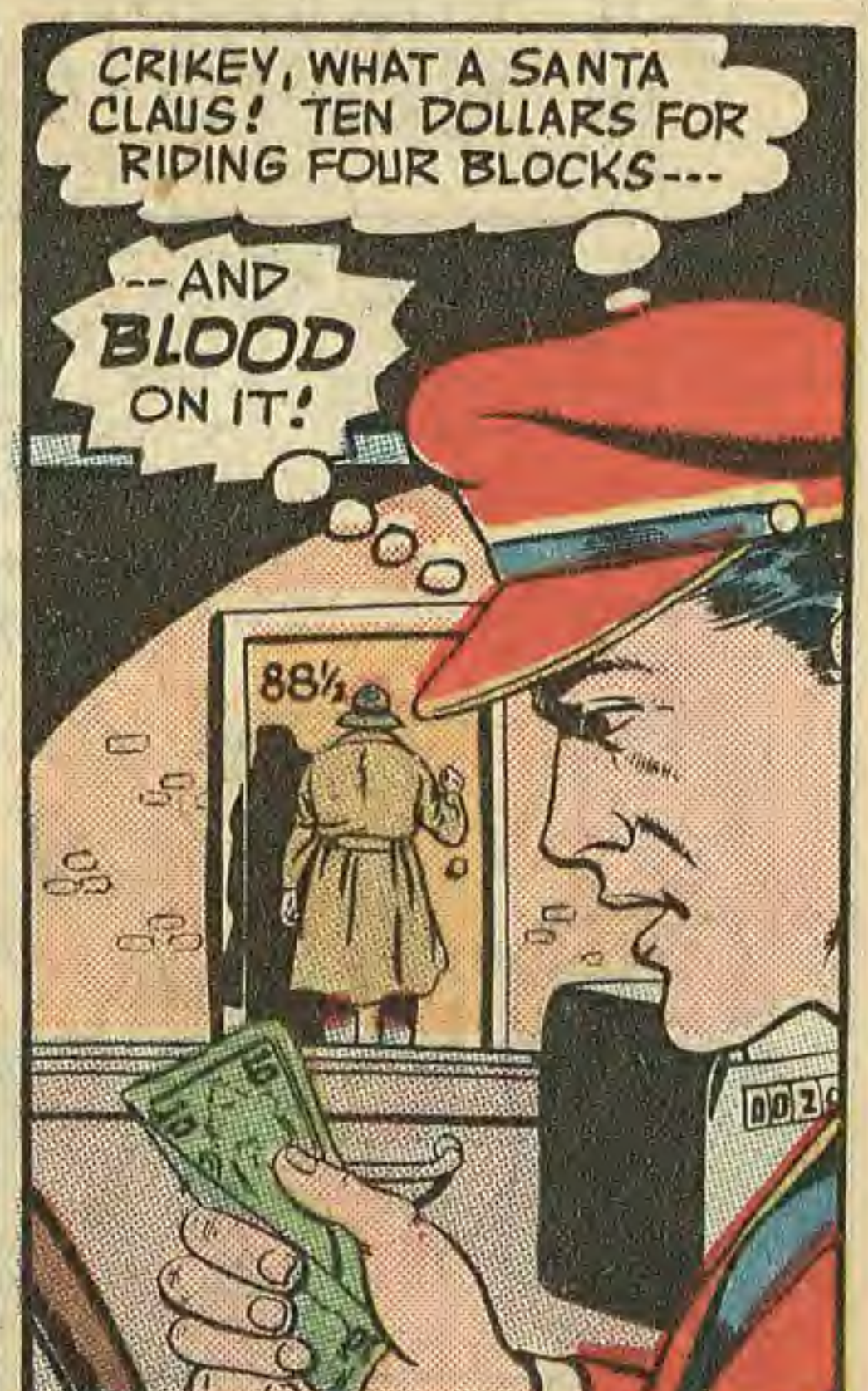
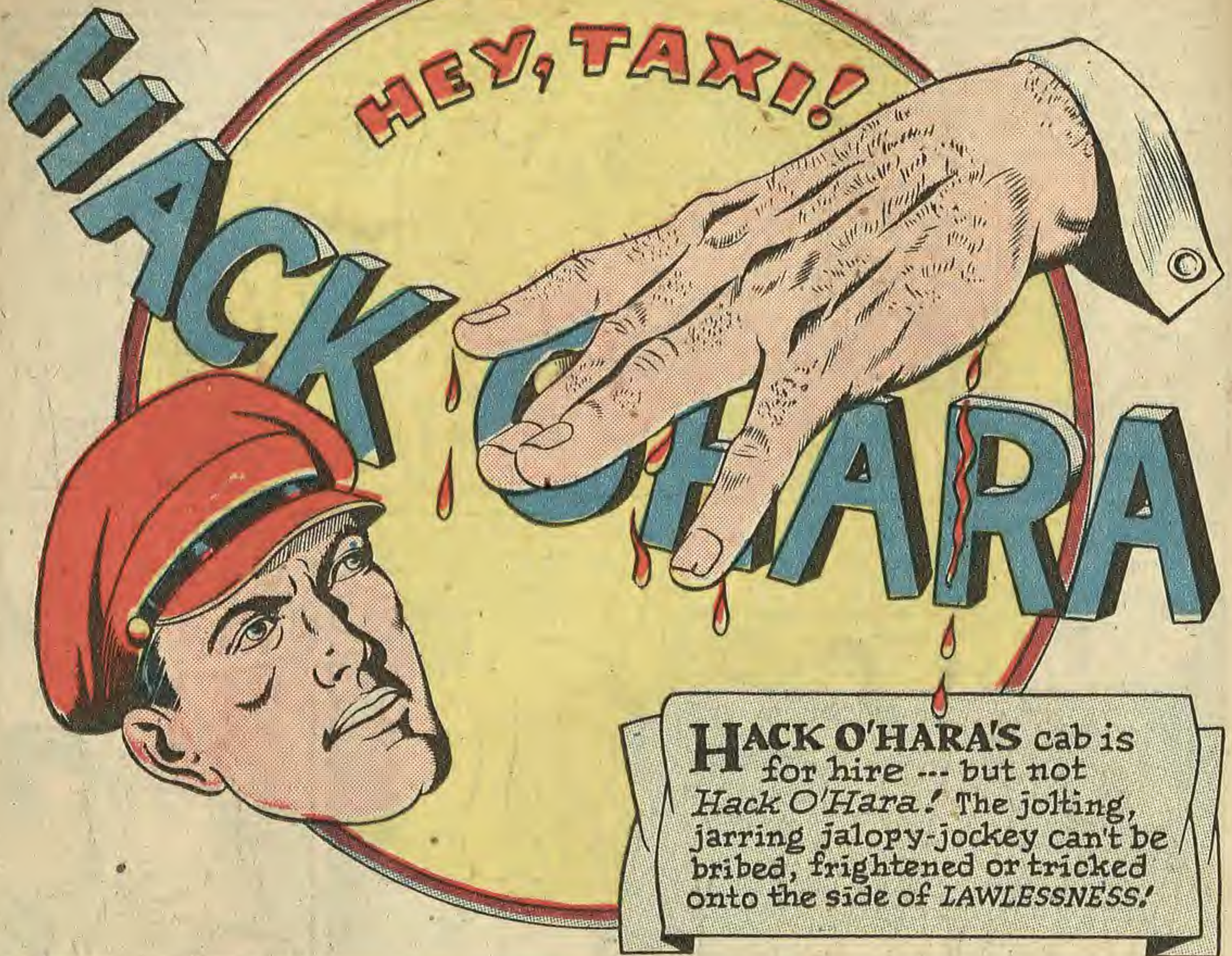


MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL



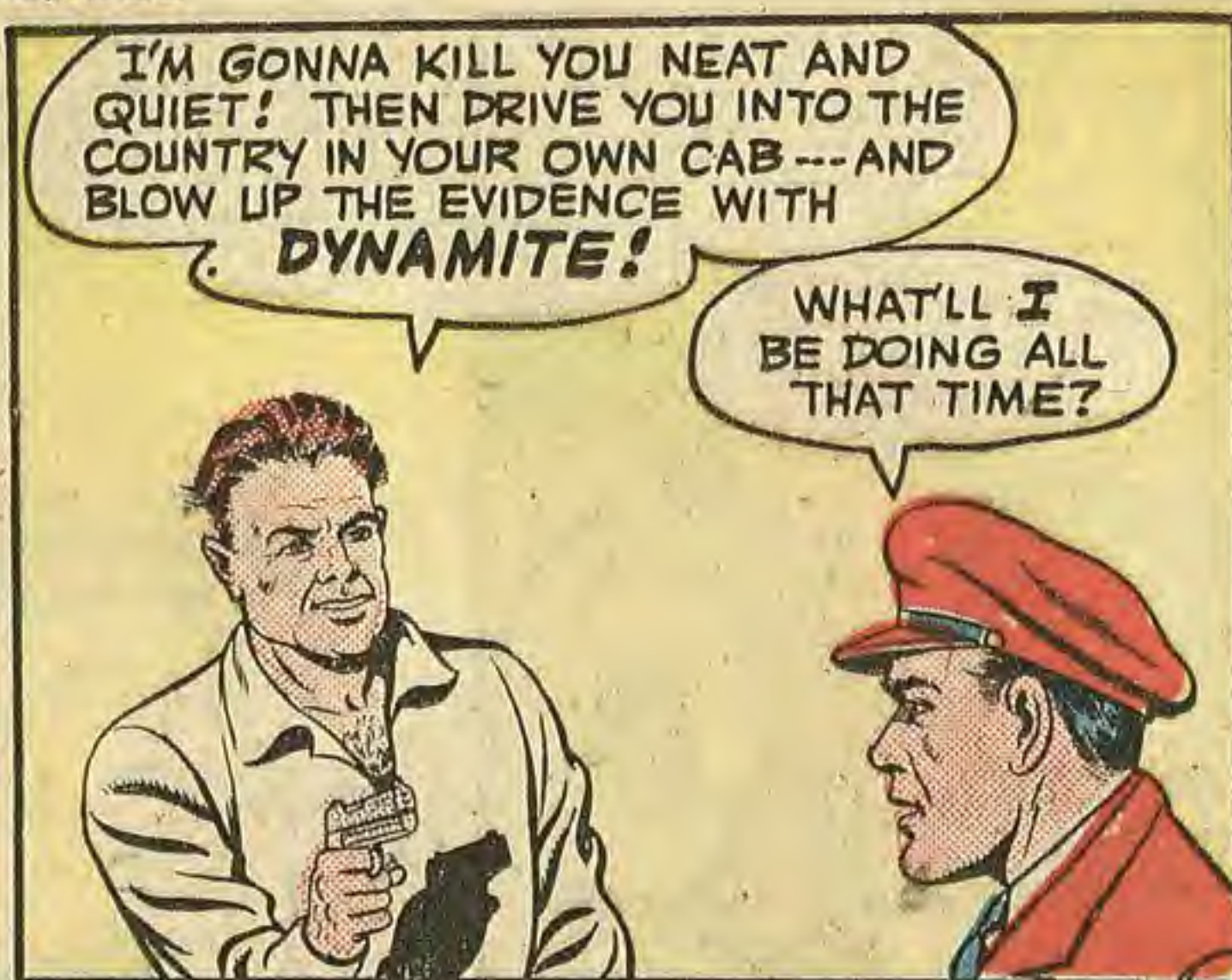






Meanwhile, near 88 1/2 West Street...







FLOOGY *The* FIJI

FLOOGY
THE FIJI,
YOU ARE NOW
KING FOR
A DAY!

HEY!
HEY!

EX-
KING

KING FOR
A DAY...
WINNER
FLOOGY
THE FIJI

NOW YOU'RE MY
PRIME MINISTER,
FUZZY! YOUR
JOB IS TO
ADVISE ME!

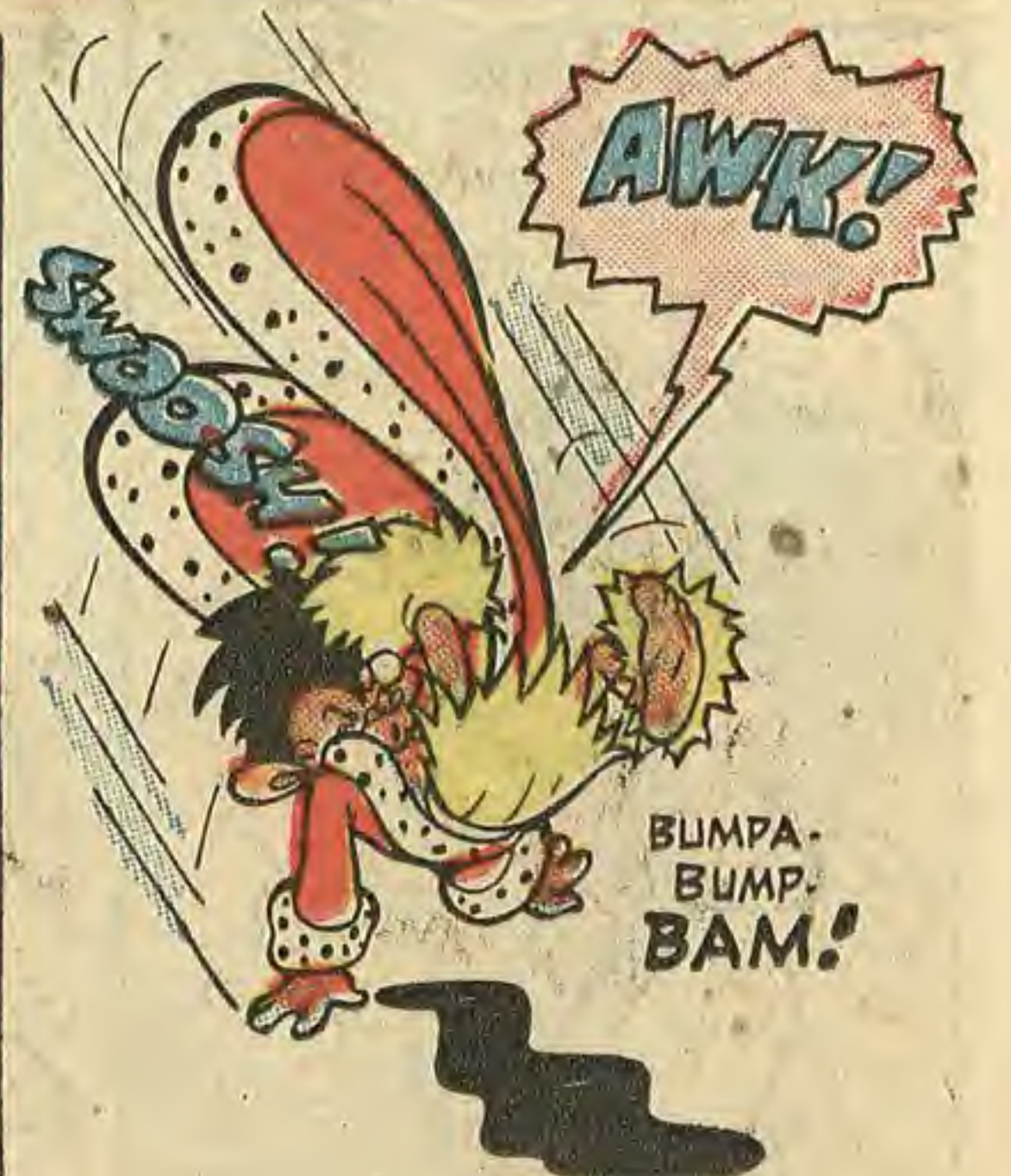
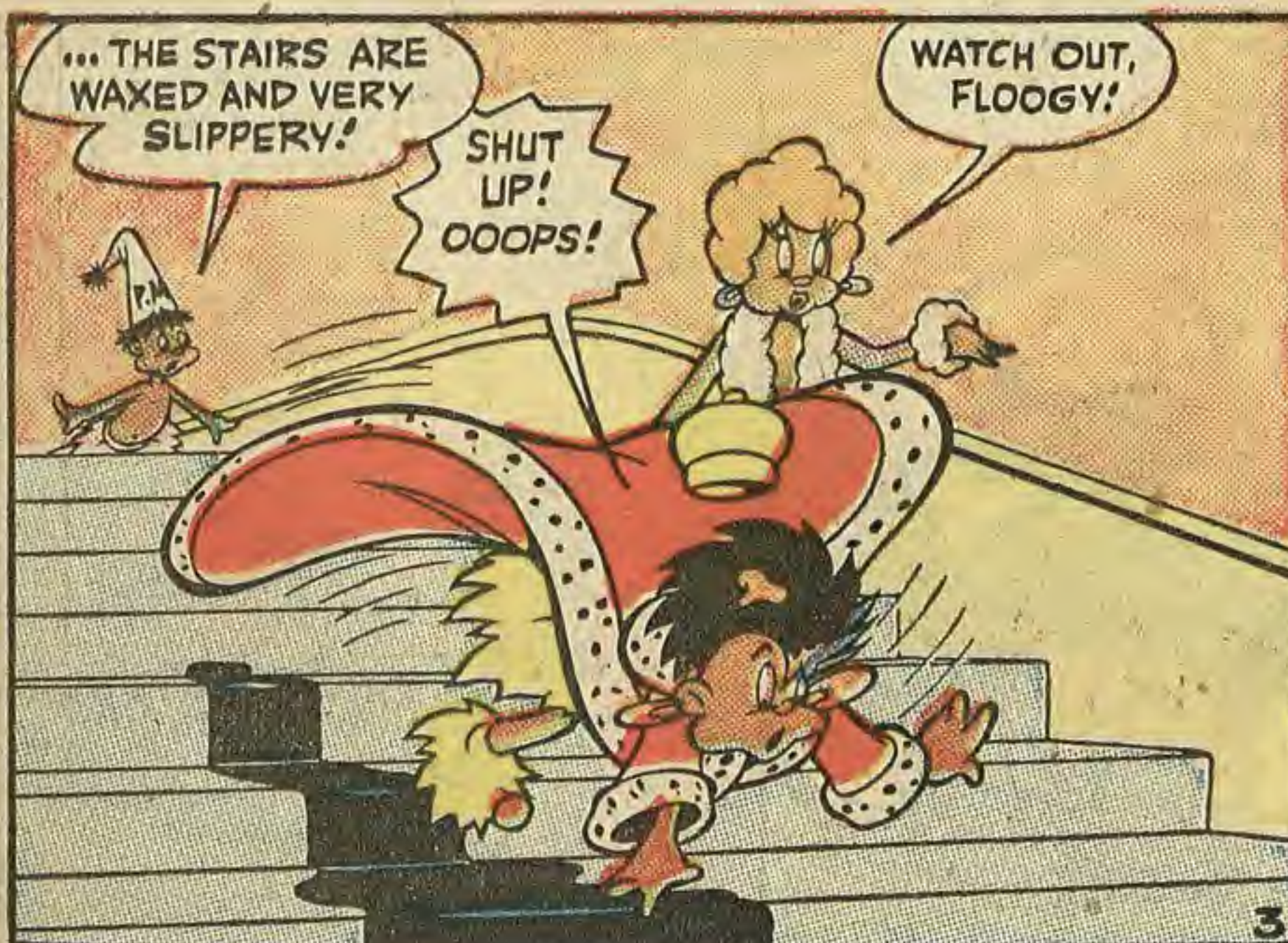
MY ADVICE IS
TO ORDER A TEN
COURSE FEAST
OF ICE CREAM
AND CAKE
AND...

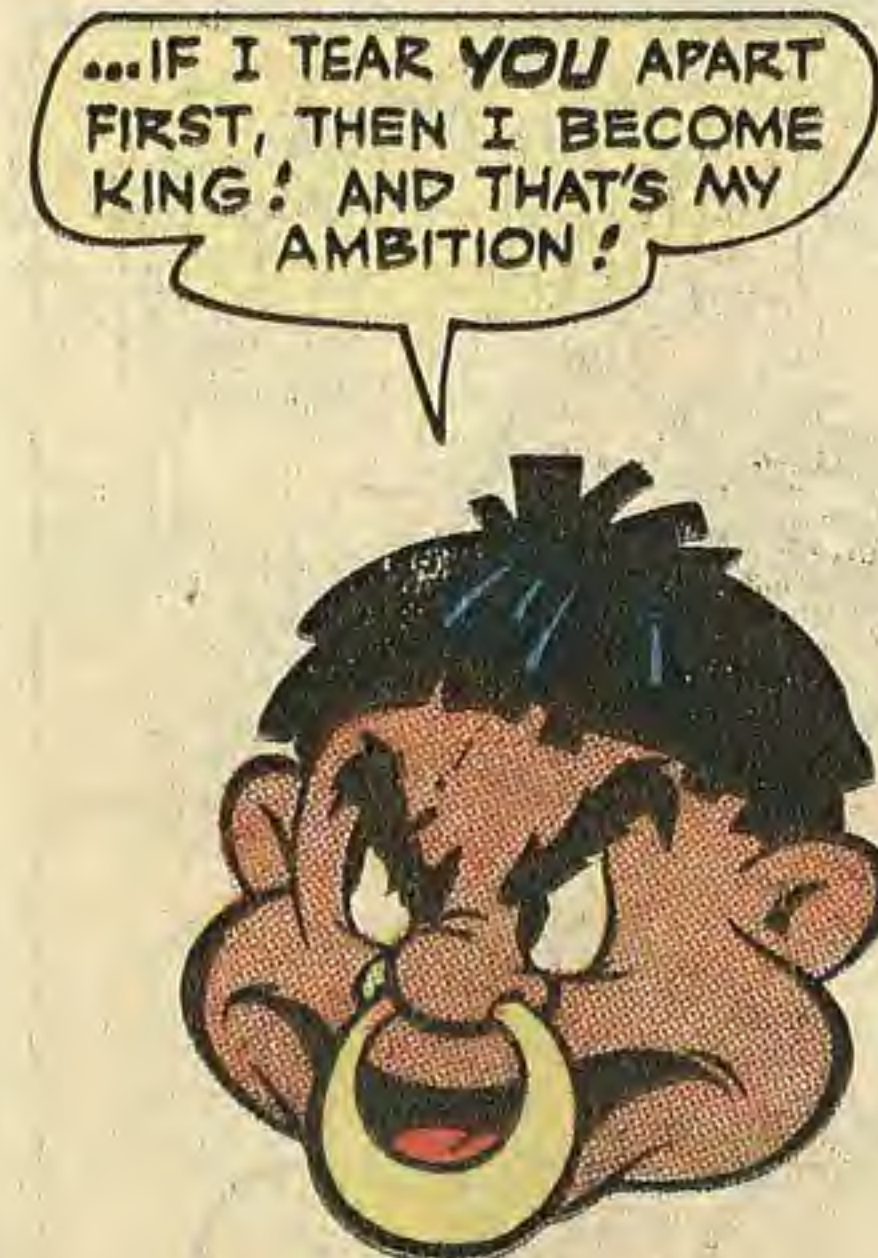
THE KING COMMANDS A
FEAST! CHOC'LATE CAKE!
CHOC'LATE FUDGE SUNDAES!
BANANA SPLITS! PINEAPPLE
SODAS! AND...

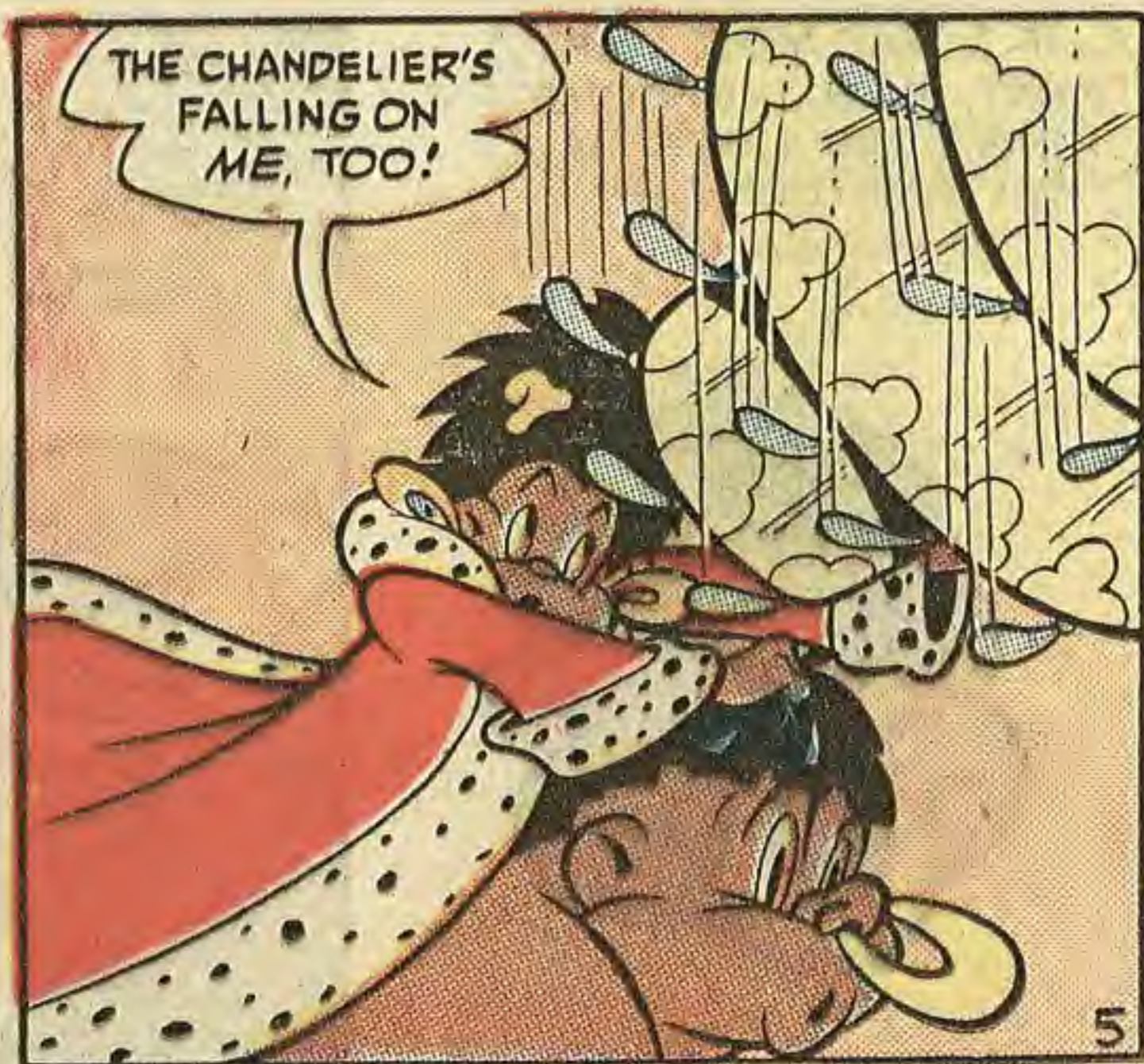
... SAY, FUZZY,
WHAT DO YOU
ADVISE FOR
DESSERT?

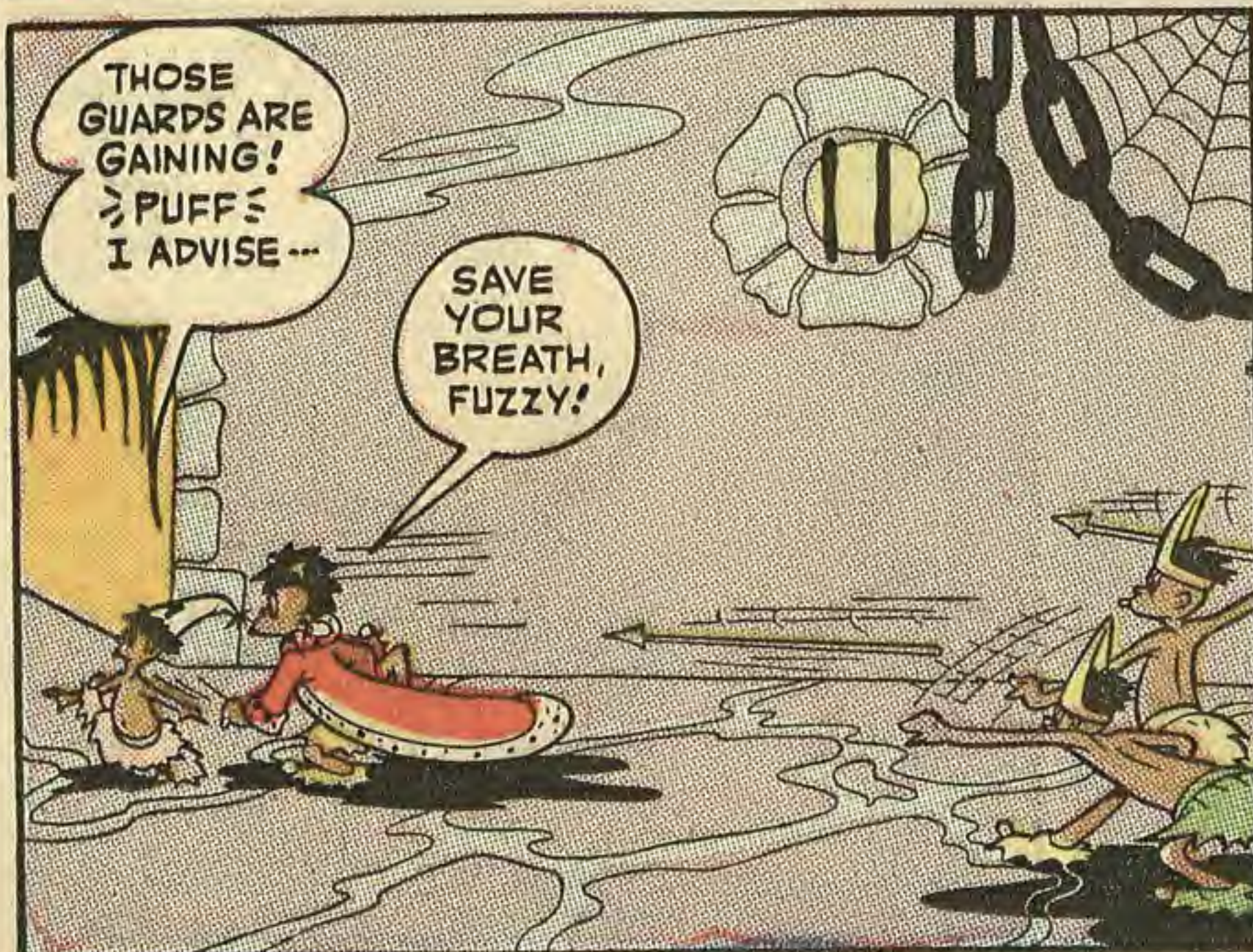
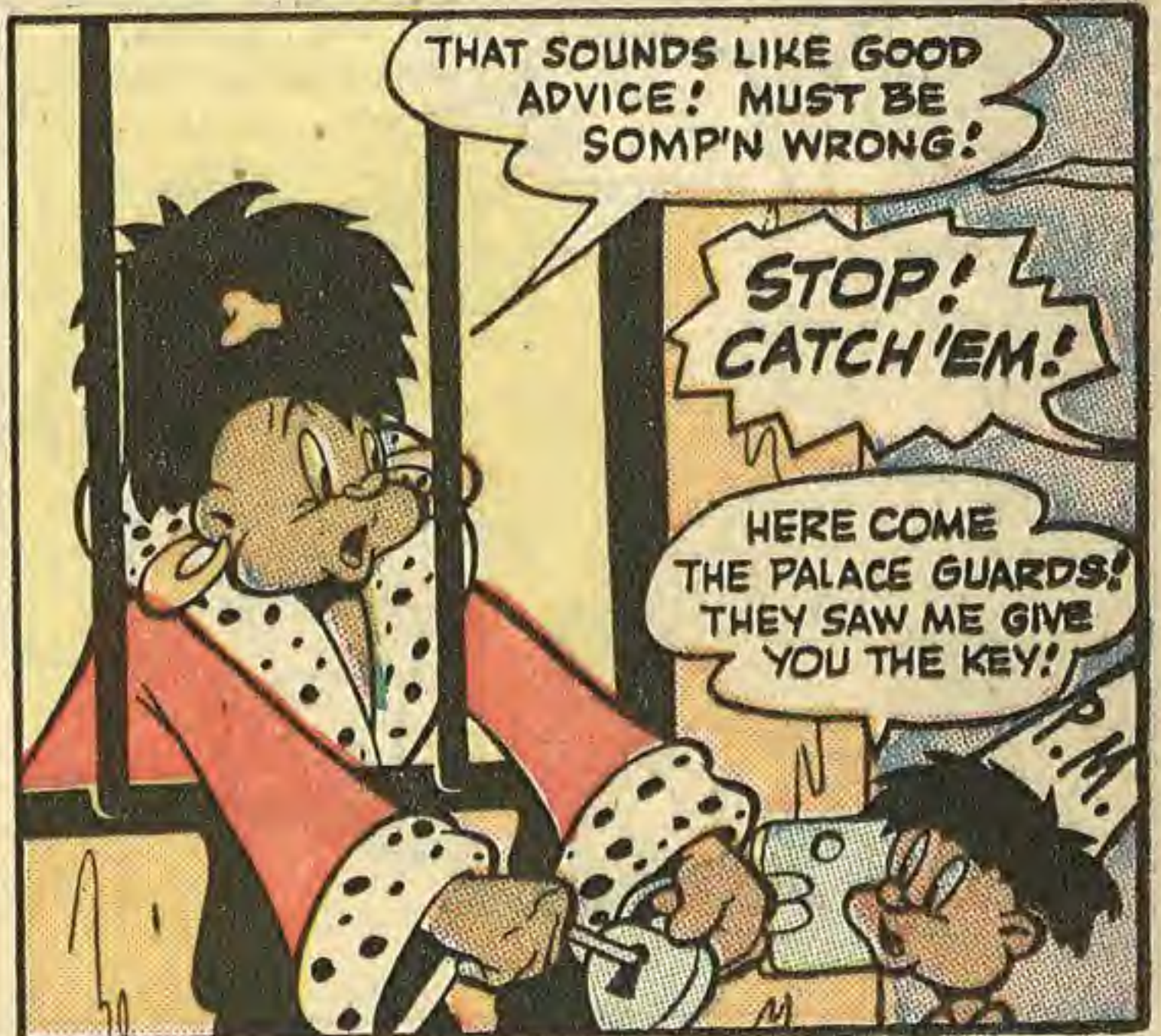




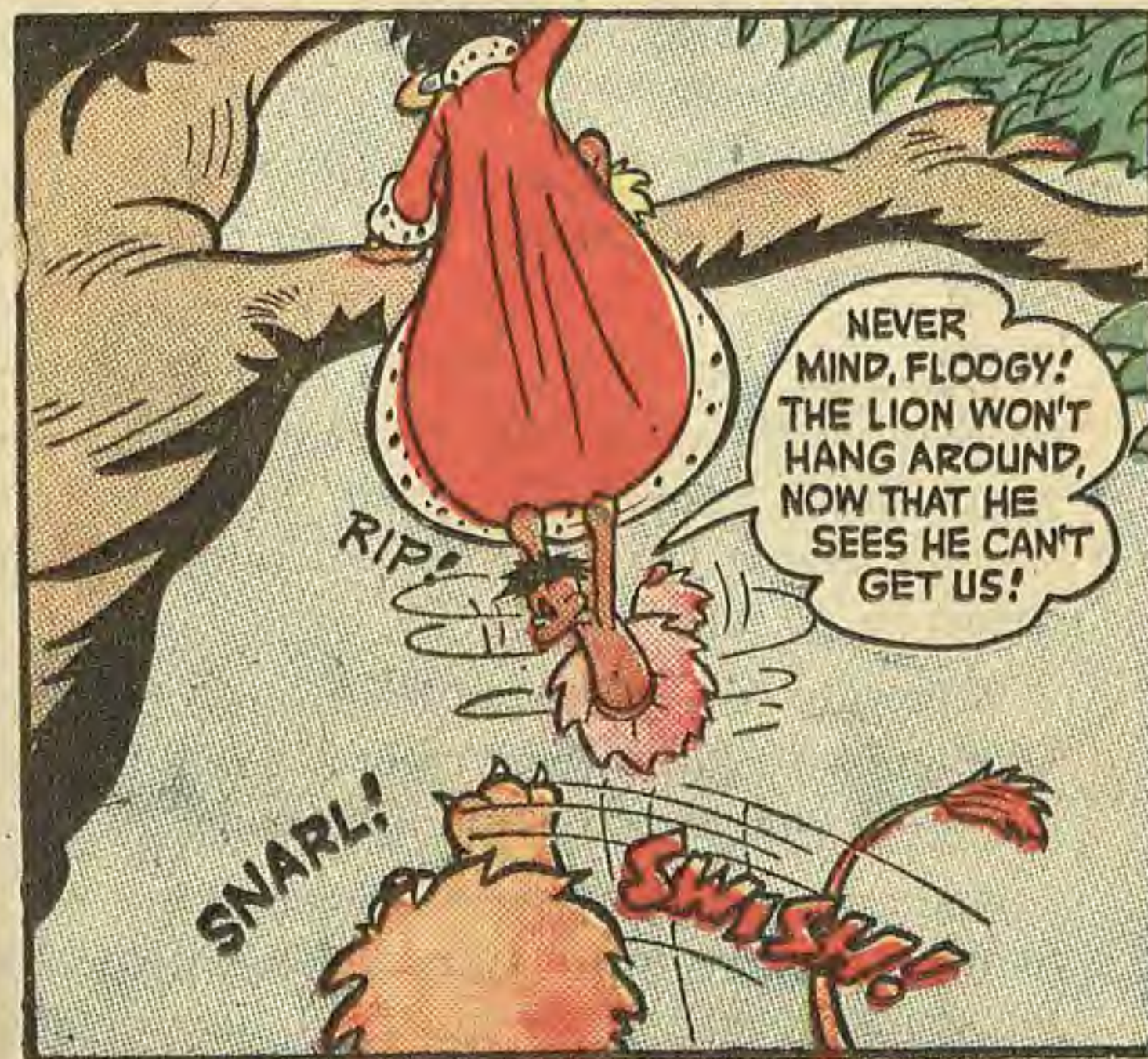












DEATH RIVER

THE creaky rumble of the huge Conestogas was music to the ear of Silas Tripp. The wagon train was nearing the end of its long haul cross-country over two-thirds of the continent. Seekers of new land had not come by this way before, for this was the uncertain year of 1841.

Two more weeks if everything held as it had the past few months, and they would reach their destination. It was a vague, nebulous destination to be sure, but Silas felt it would be a good one.

Toward evening, finding good pasturage for the animals, Tripp called a halt and the wagons were drawn into a circle. Inside were the horses and cows. This was to give protection against Indians.

They had seen no Indian sign for a long time but it was best to take no chances. This was Indian country.

Toward dawn, Tripp woke and sat up, listening. A deep, far-off rumbling came to his keen ears. He roused the men. "Sounds like a lot of hosses runnin'," he said softly. "Better get set."

The men crawled out into the brisk air with their long rifles. Some of the women woke up and wanted to know what was stirring.

The sound grew sharply, until Tripp knew it was a great band of horses running. Then suddenly the horses came over the hill, and then a thousand yelling Indians began circling the wagon train, firing a shower of arrows into the tall curved tops.

The men's guns began spanging, and now and then an Indian toppled out of his saddle to roll and then lie still.

Whooping and yelling, the Indians rode in a fast circle, ever closing in. There were at least a thousand of them, Tripp thought. And he had just 34 men in the train. Terrible odds. One thing stood in the white men's favor, however—the redskins had no guns. Only bows and arrows.

Blazing arrows began falling into the wagons,

and one of them caught and began burning briskly.

The white men fired until nearly all their powder was gone. Then they held their fire. They would have to make every shot count from now on.

But as dawn broke fully, the Indians began riding off. By daylight, not a one was in sight.

"That's funny," said Tripp. "Pesky redskins mostly attack in daytime. Now I wonder—"

The wagon train got under way soon afterward. And for the next ten days no Indians were sighted.

At last the train reached a high divide and through this they forged, coming out on a level, green plateau. Cutting through the plateau ran a beautiful, broad river whose banks rose about 20 feet on either side. The train was half way across the plateau when they saw the Indian camp almost hidden in a thicket.

Tripp called a halt. It was a small camp, but one never knew what to expect. But in a moment two chiefs rode out on white ponies and held up their hands in the sign of peace. They spoke in a strange tongue. One of the men in the train understood it.

After a moment he turned to Tripp and said, "They say we are welcome to stay here. But not to cross the river because there is death on the other side."

Tripp laughed. "Who says so? Mebbe they want that land across the river for themselves, eh?"

The man who spoke Indian questioned the friendly chiefs again, then turned back to the wagon train leader. "They say they wouldn't venture across the river for anything. Death comes to all who cross."

Tripp nodded, grinning. "Sure, sure," he said. "Well, tell 'em they needn't worry. We'll handle the death that lives on the other side."

And a few days later several men of the train found a shallow crossing and pitched camp on the opposite side of the beautiful river. There

they found even better grazing and leveler fields. It would be a wonderful place to settle. So in a week all the people of the train had crossed the river, and the men began building log cabins.

Then a strange thing happened. More than a dozen of the group came down with fever and chills. Within a week two-thirds of the eldest members of the train, and all the youngsters, had the fever. The older ones began dying rapidly. Then the children.

Only two men lived to escape. They found their way to a trapper's cabin many miles away and babbled their story. The old trapper nodded. Yes, he knew about the river curse. It was as the Indians had said.

A hundred years later, Eric Vale, hearing about the strange death that came to the entire wagon train on the shore of the Bitterroot River in Montana, found himself exploring the place. A small Indian reservation still existed on one side of the river. On the other side there was nothing except excellent vegetation.

Making inquiry about it, he learned that nothing human or animal lived on that opposite shore. Death was there, as it had been a century before. The Indians solemnly assured him that this was true, and warned him not to cross the gleaming expanse of water.

Eric pondered. What could have caused the deaths of that wagon train party? Fever? What kind of fever? And if the fever struck on that side, why not on this one?

He soon discovered that nobody in the neighborhood would venture across the river for any amount of money. They told him he was a fool if he tried it himself. The opposite shore had a curse on it!

Eric didn't believe in such things. He had to find the answer! Maybe some kind of lethal gas was the cause. It was volcanic territory. Or maybe some deadly vegetable grew there, something that gave off poisonous fumes. Insects? But what kept them on one side of the stream?

Fastening a modern respirator over his face and covering his skin with a protective coating of some salve, Eric sent his canoe across the river and stepped out on shore.

The terrain looked the same as on the other side. Everything looked the same. Yet here

clung a terrible death, so legend said.

Eric spent several hours exploring the deadly side of the river, taking samples of several insects he captured, including mosquitoes and ticks. He saw no animals or snakes. A few birds flitted about the lush trees. And that was all.

The lofty Sapphire Mountains towered high in the evening sky as Eric shoved off toward the opposite bank. He noticed that a high wind, almost constant, blew from the other shore toward the deadly one. And he learned in the village that this wind always blew the same direction.

That night he spent analyzing his specimens. Several old Indians crowded around watching his experiments, making guttural comments. It was all strange to them, although they recalled that members of the United States Health Service had done similar things nearly a half century before. But they didn't know what had become of the tests.

Eric had reached his last test. It was with a minute hard-shell tick he had snagged on the deadly side of the river. He worked more than an hour on the tiny fly, and had about given up when he noticed that this was a different kind of tick than he had ever seen. Very carefully he extracted the infinitesimal quantity of poison from its sac and very carefully analyzed it.

The result amazed him.

"My gosh!" he cried. "That little devil carries a poison more deadly than a rattler!"

Further tests availed him nothing, so the next day he took his samples to a chemist in a nearby city.

The chemist nodded rapidly several times as he tried various tests on the venom. At last:

"Yes, I believe you've solved the mystery. This tick's venom induces a virulent fever. That's the answer to those deaths in the past. But I can't understand why the blasted ticks stay on the one side of the river only."

"I believe I can answer that," Eric told him. "That wind that always blows steadily across the river keeps them on the other side."

The chemist looked at him. "Why, of course! That's it, Vale. That ends the mystery of the Bitterroot River!"

And this, friends, is a true story.

PEN MILLER

HIS real life adventures furnish the plots for the daily comic strips of Pen Miller, the Cartoonist Detective!

By Klaus



LET'S GO, CHOP --- WE'VE GOT TO GET THESE DRAWINGS HUNG TONIGHT! THE GALLERY ANNOUNCEMENT SAYS THE SHOW OPENS TOMORROW MORNING!...

COMING, MIST' MILLER!



YOUR PUBLISHER VELLY NICE MAN TO ALLANGE ONE MAN SHOW OF DLAWINGS YOU DO FOR PAPER ABOUT NOTOLIOUS CLIMINAL, LOWBOAT BOGGS....

IT, CERTAINLY SURPRISED ME... SEEMS HE AND THE OWNER OF THE ART GALLERY, MR. LACEY,

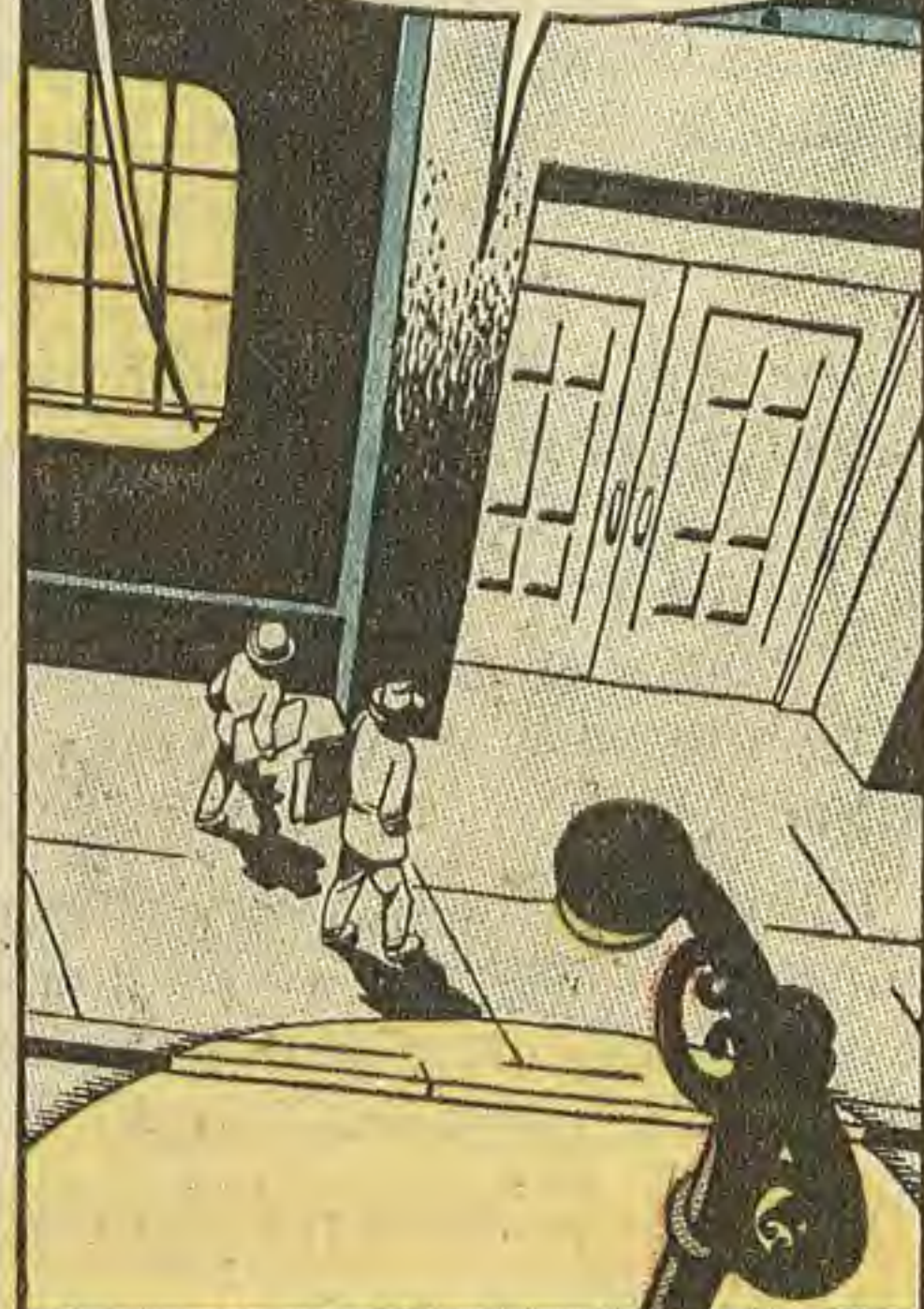
BOTH DECIDED I'VE NEVER DONE ANY CARTOONS THAT HAD SUCH A PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT!



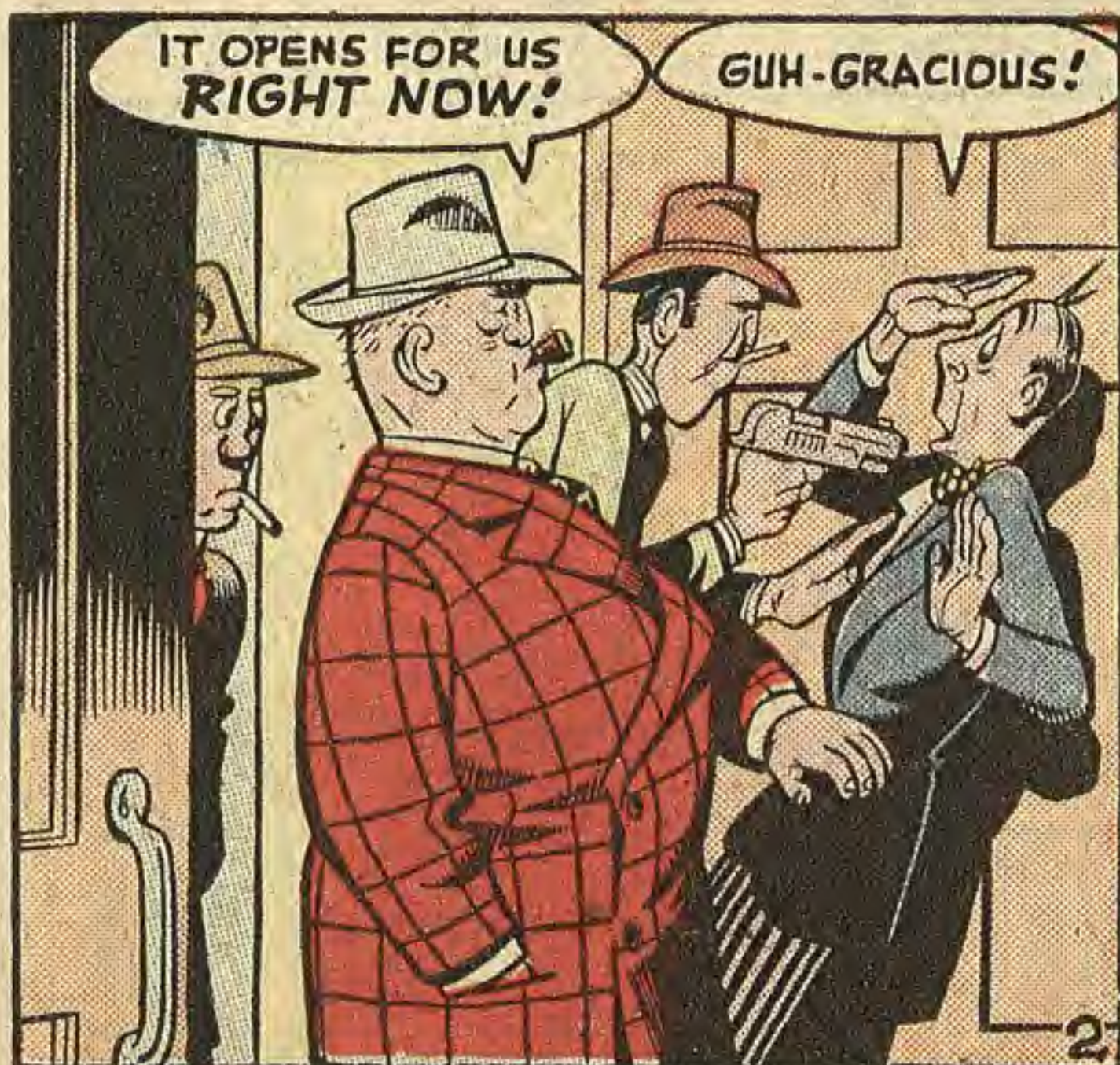
AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND, MIST' MILLER---

I'M NOT, EITHER! IT JUST SEEMS THERE WAS A TERRIBLE REALITY

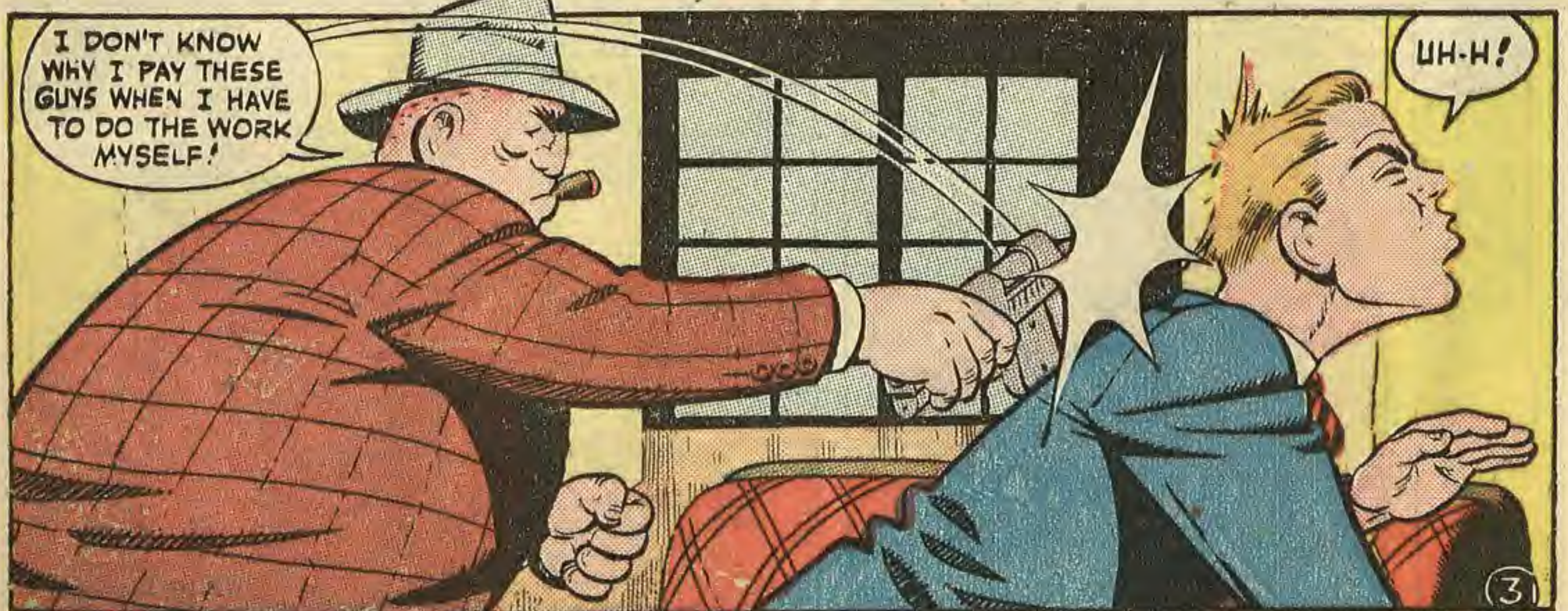
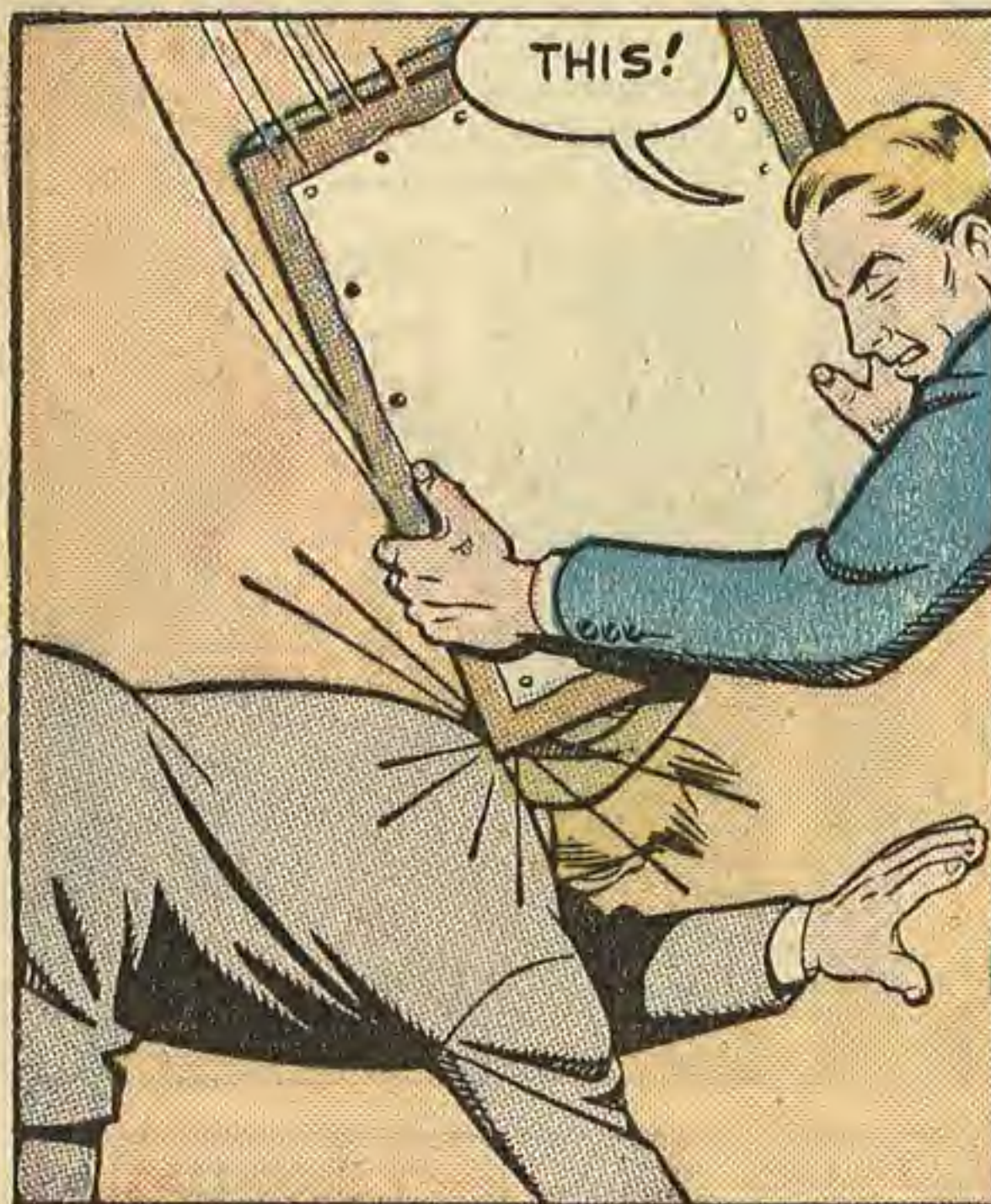
ABOUT THE DRAWINGS.... MR. LACEY SAID HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW BOGGS COULD HAVE A MOMENT'S PEACE AFTER SEEING THEM IN THE PAPER!



CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



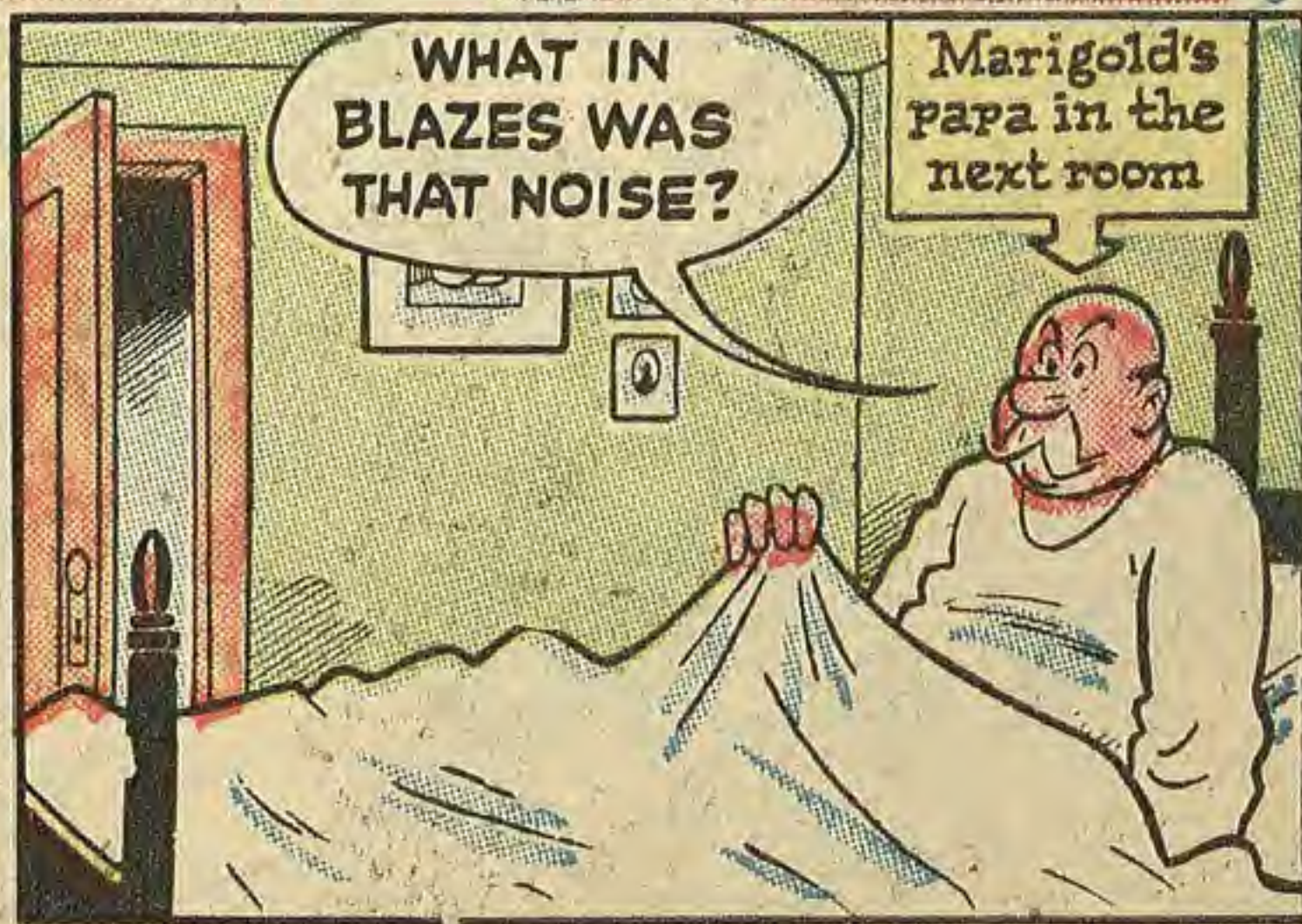




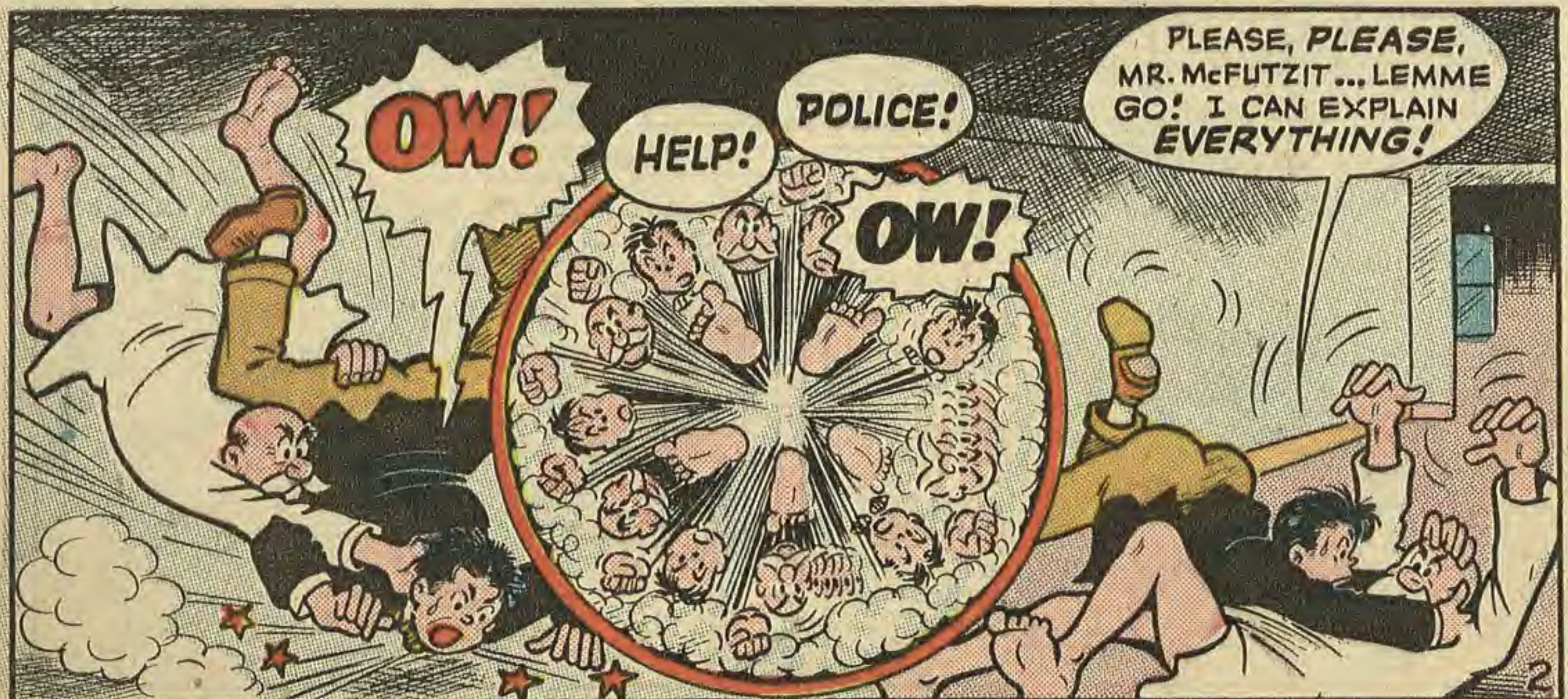
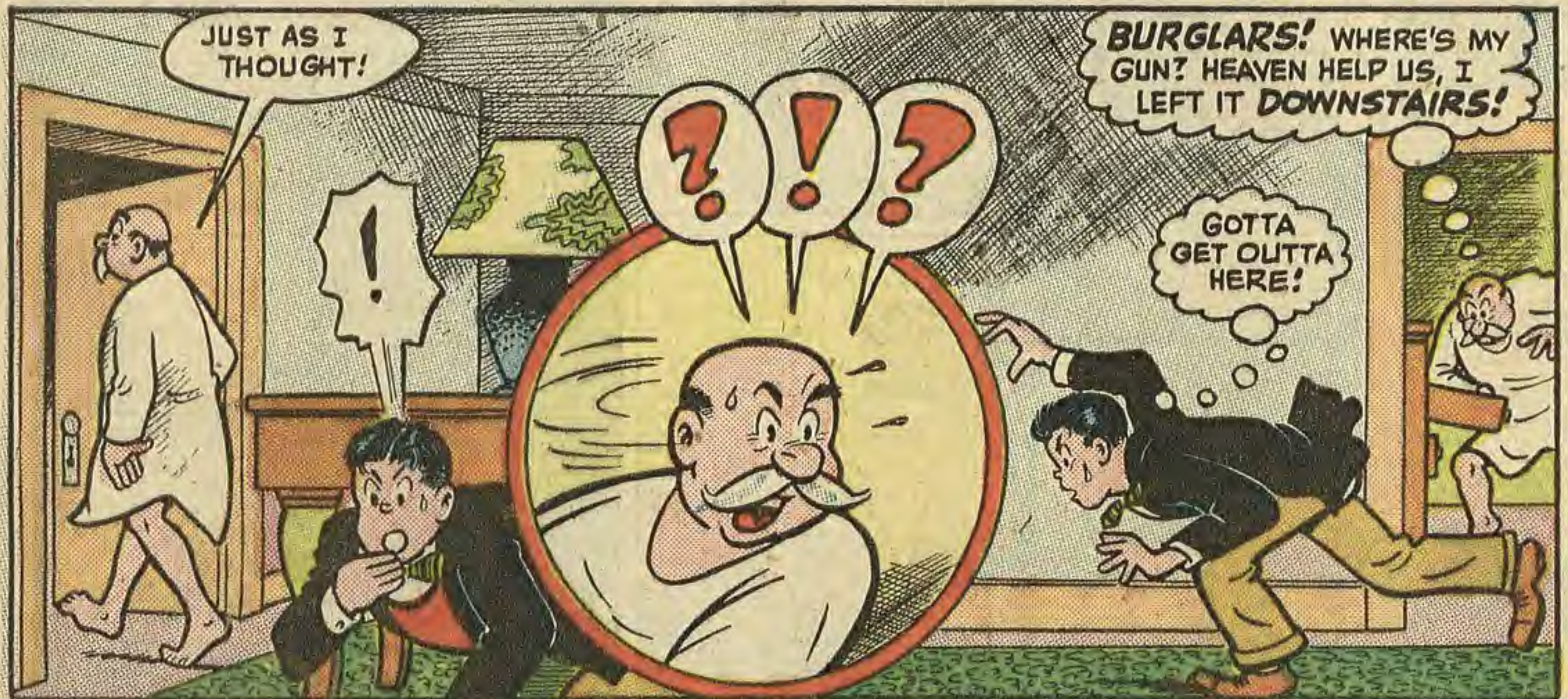
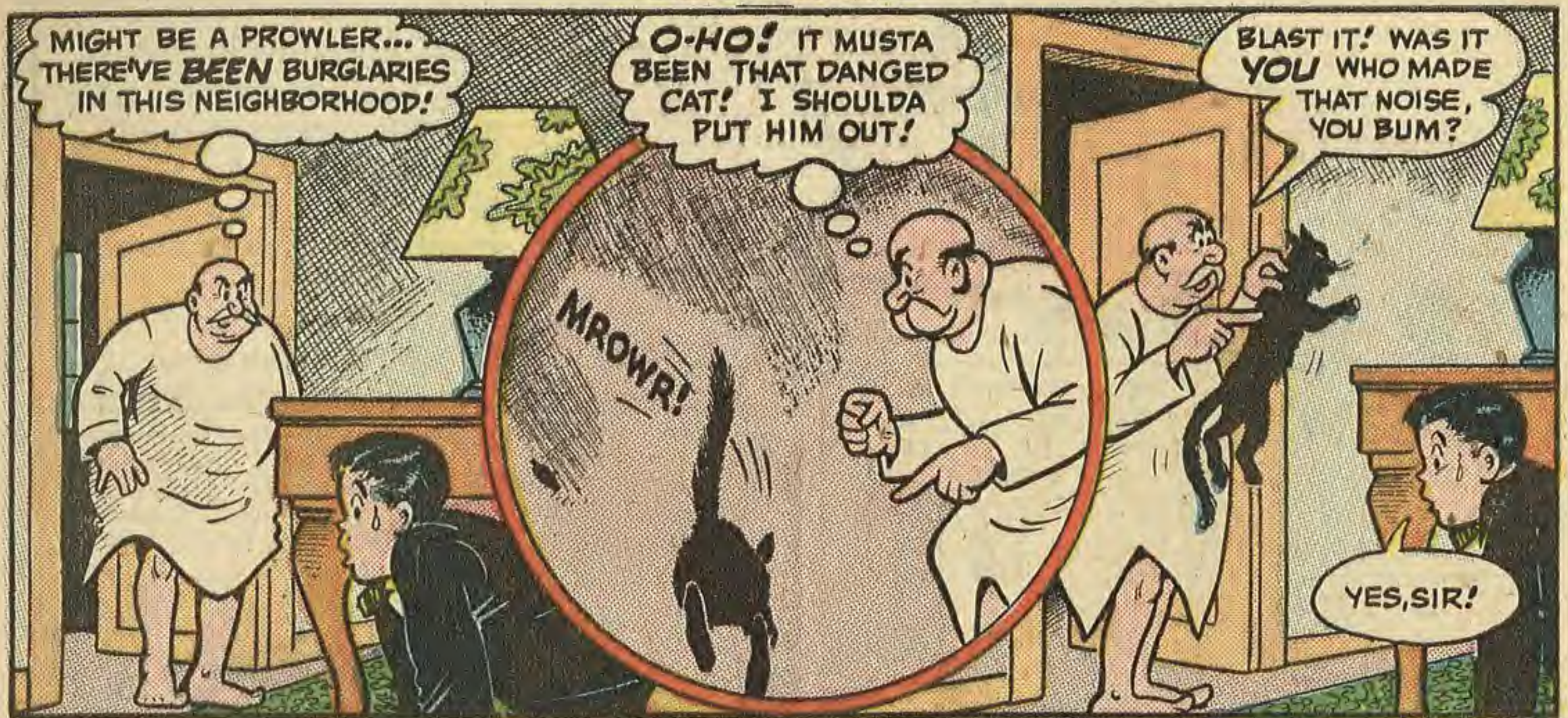
BEEZY

Loitering too long over cokes and hamburgers after a movie causes Beezy to escort his new girl friend to her home at a much later hour than they had both expected!

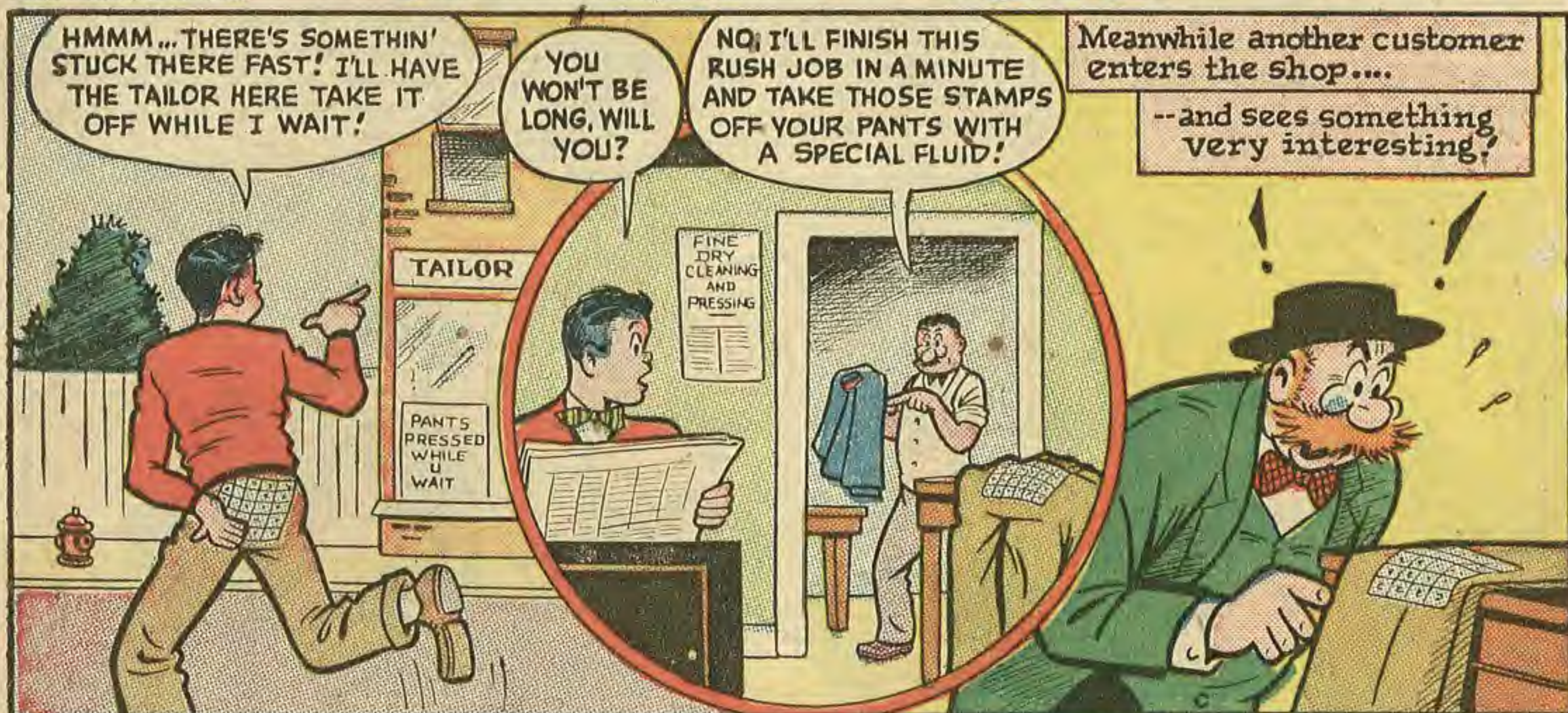
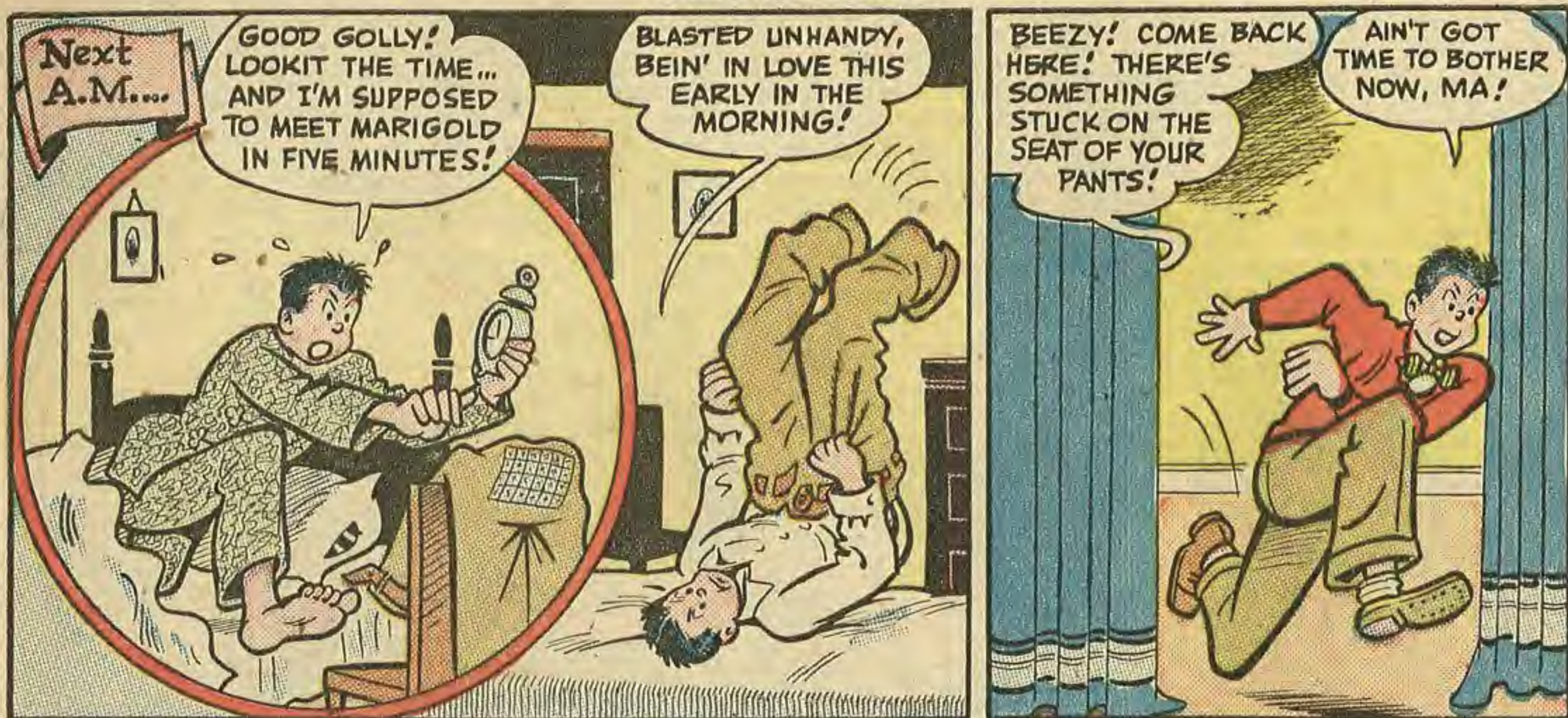
And to make matters worse...



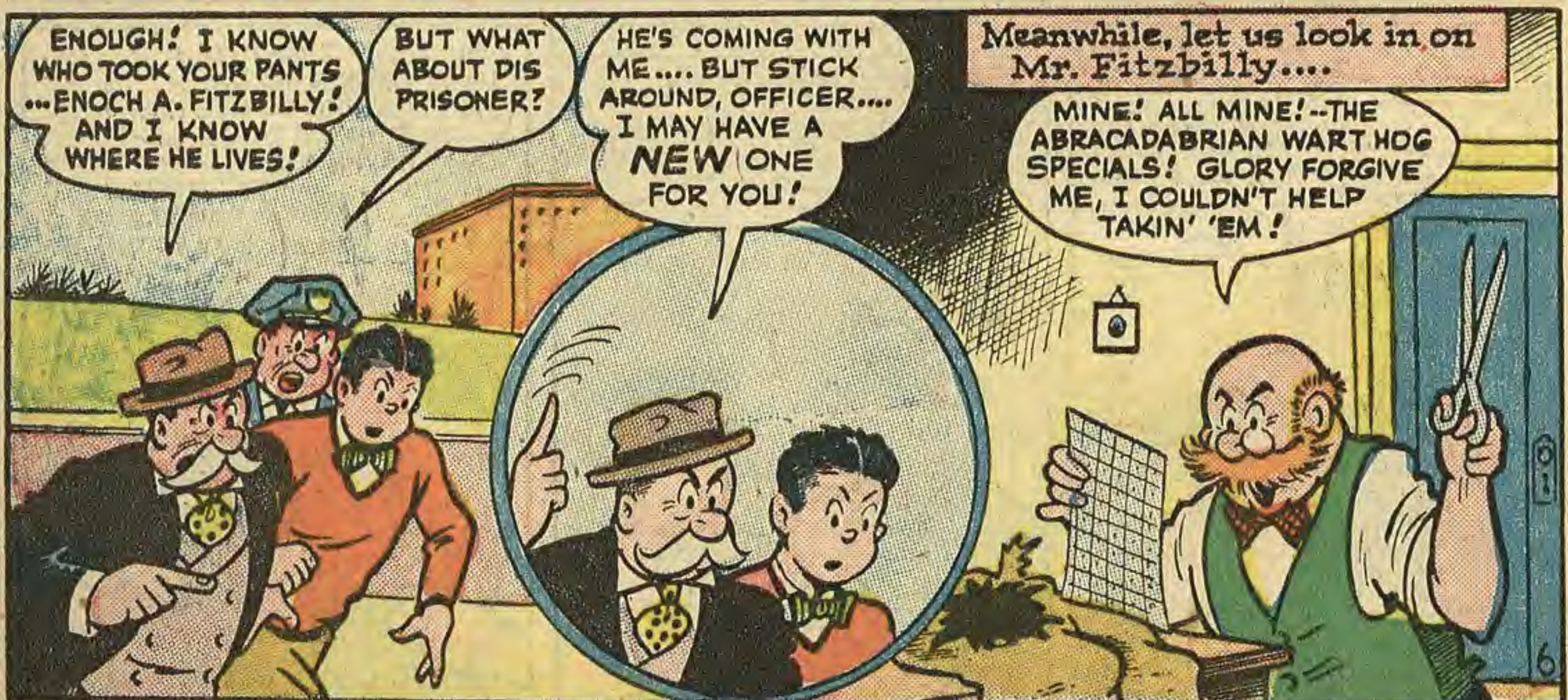
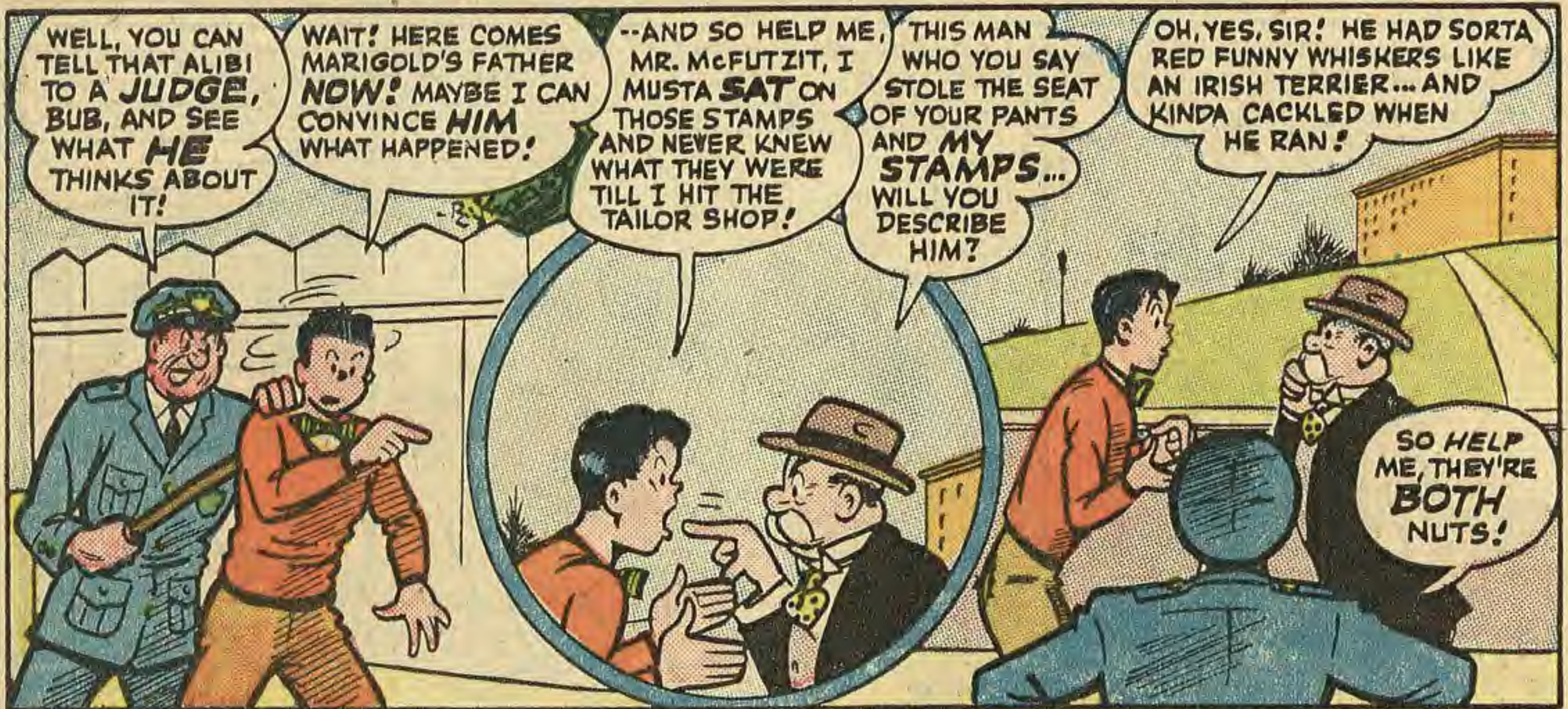
CRACK COMICS



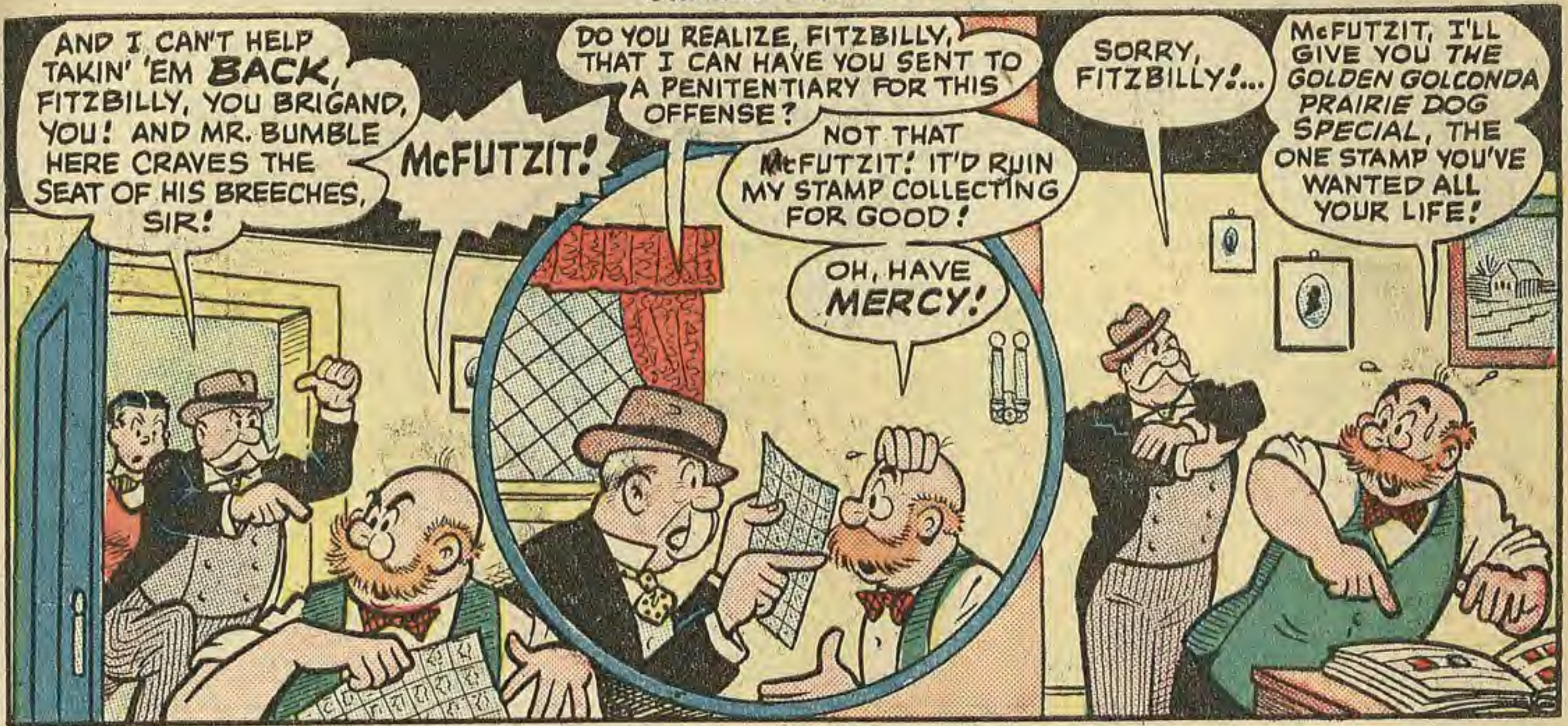


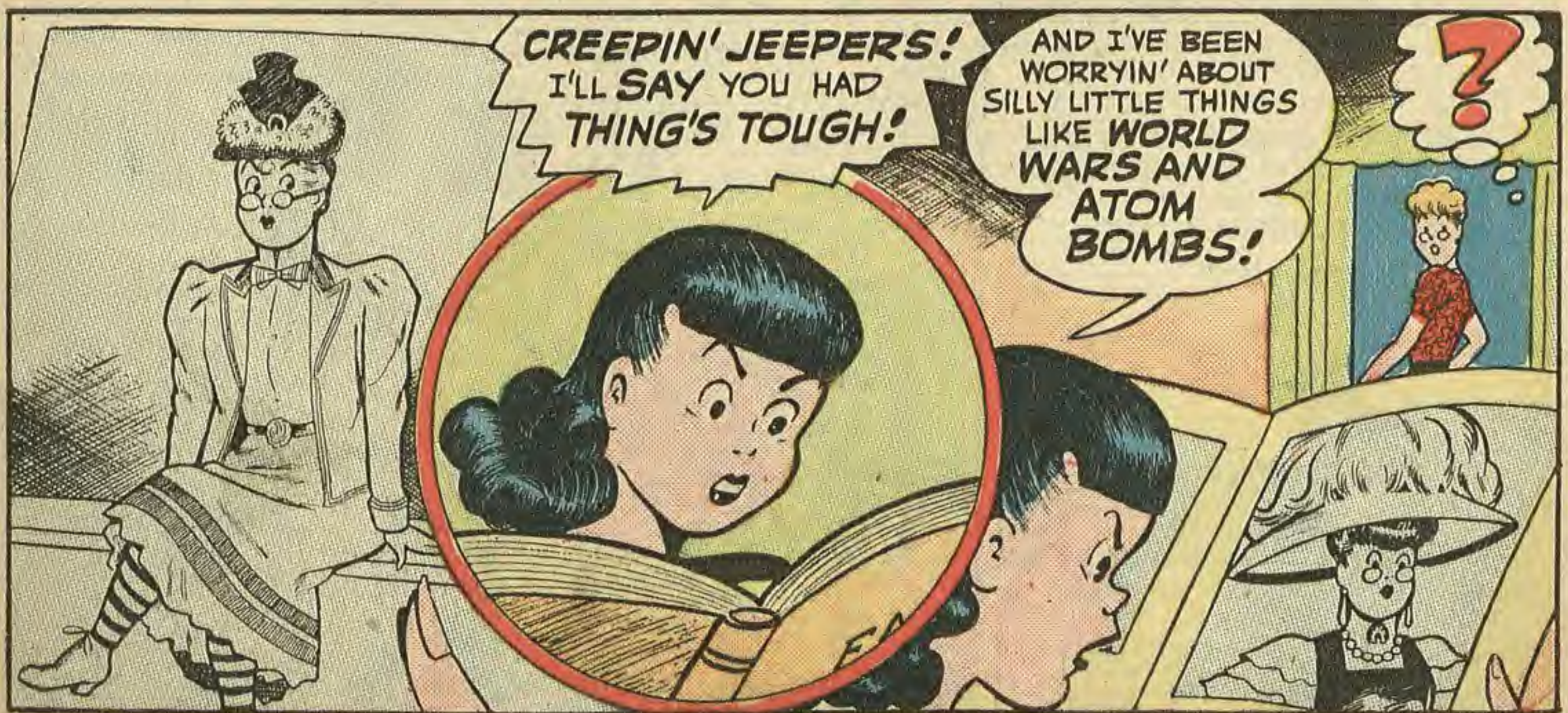
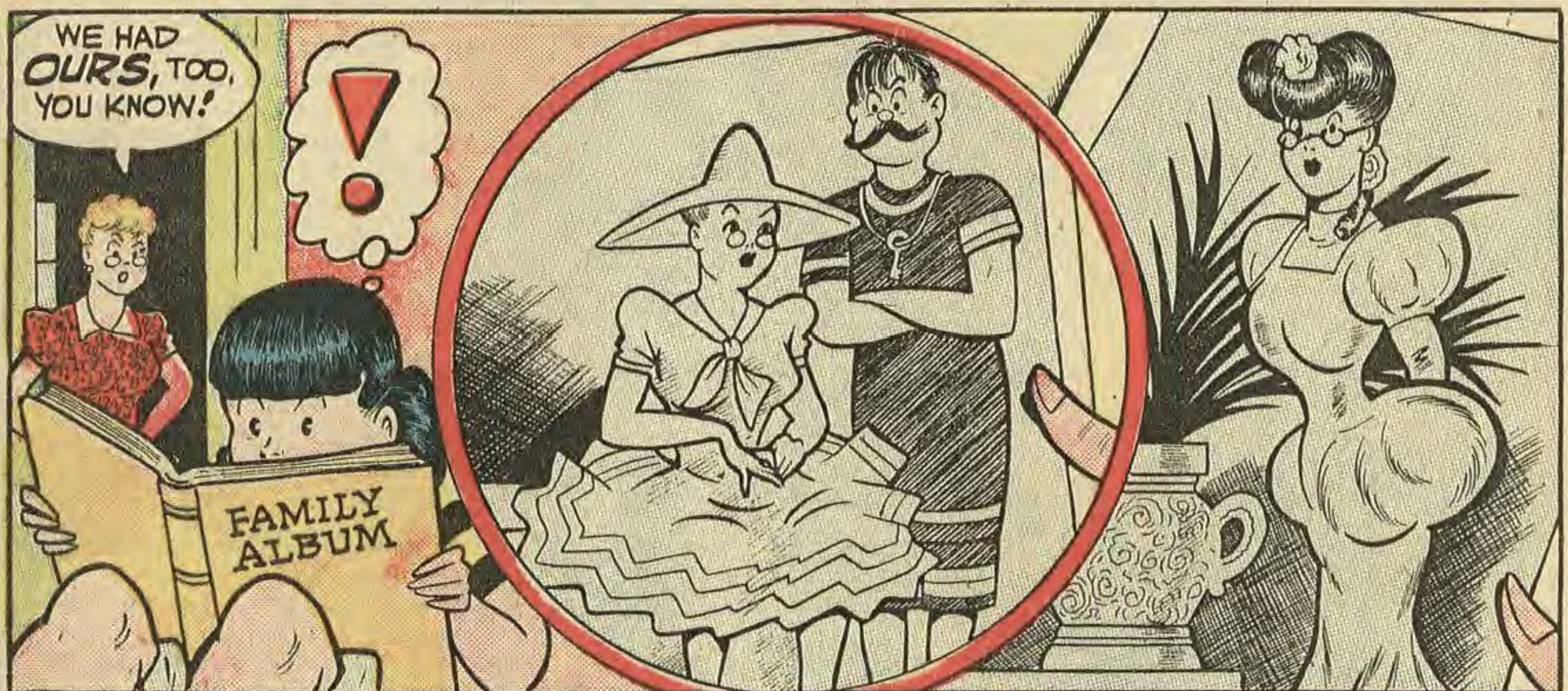




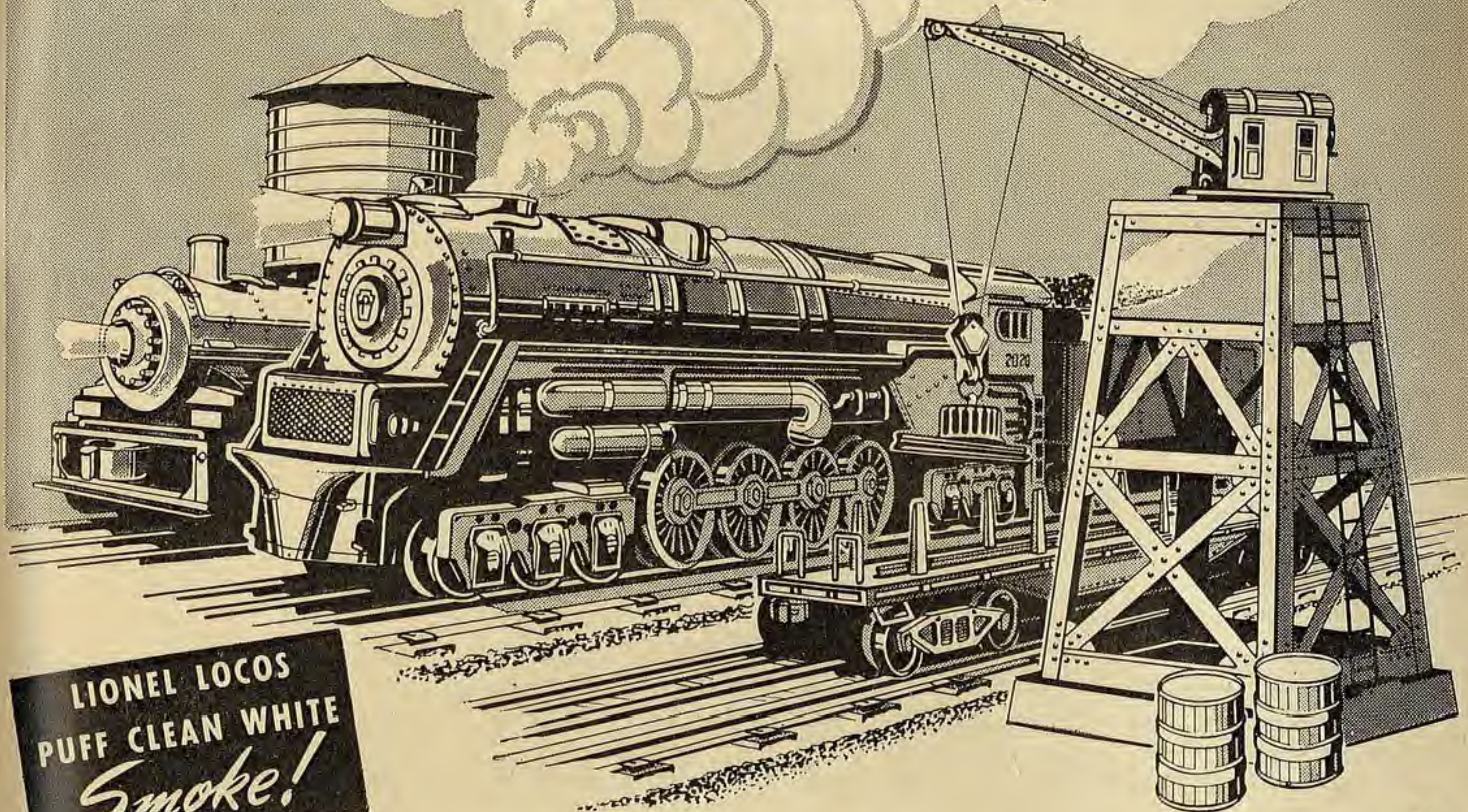


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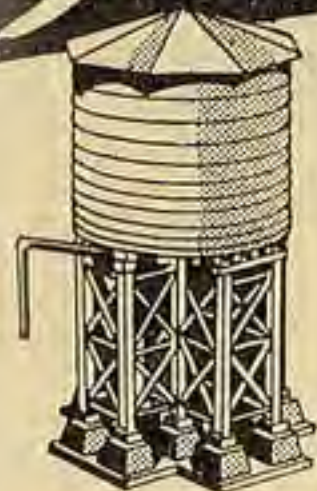




If you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



LIONEL LOCOS
PUFF CLEAN WHITE
Smoke!



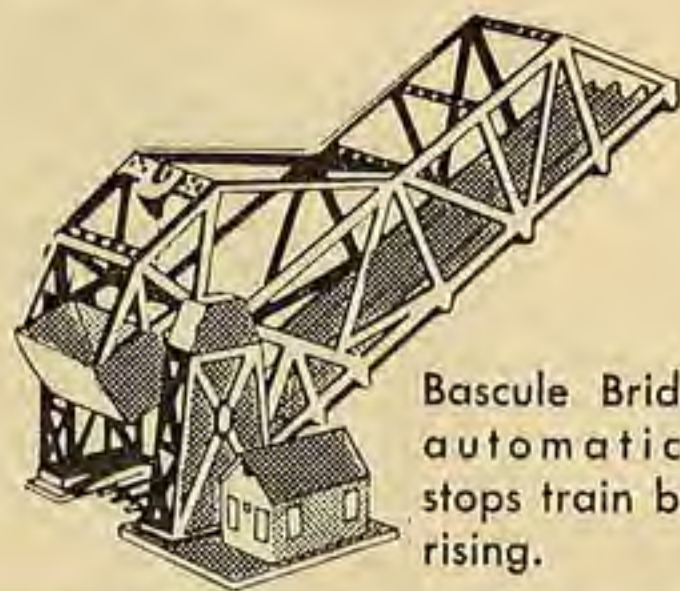
Brand new operating Water Tower — water lowers and rises in the tank. Remote control operation.



Automatic Gateman — rushes out and swings lantern when train approaches.

WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!



Bascule Bridge — automatically stops train before rising.

Mail
Coupon
Today

*Full Color Catalog also
Scenery Building Book*



LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book — also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

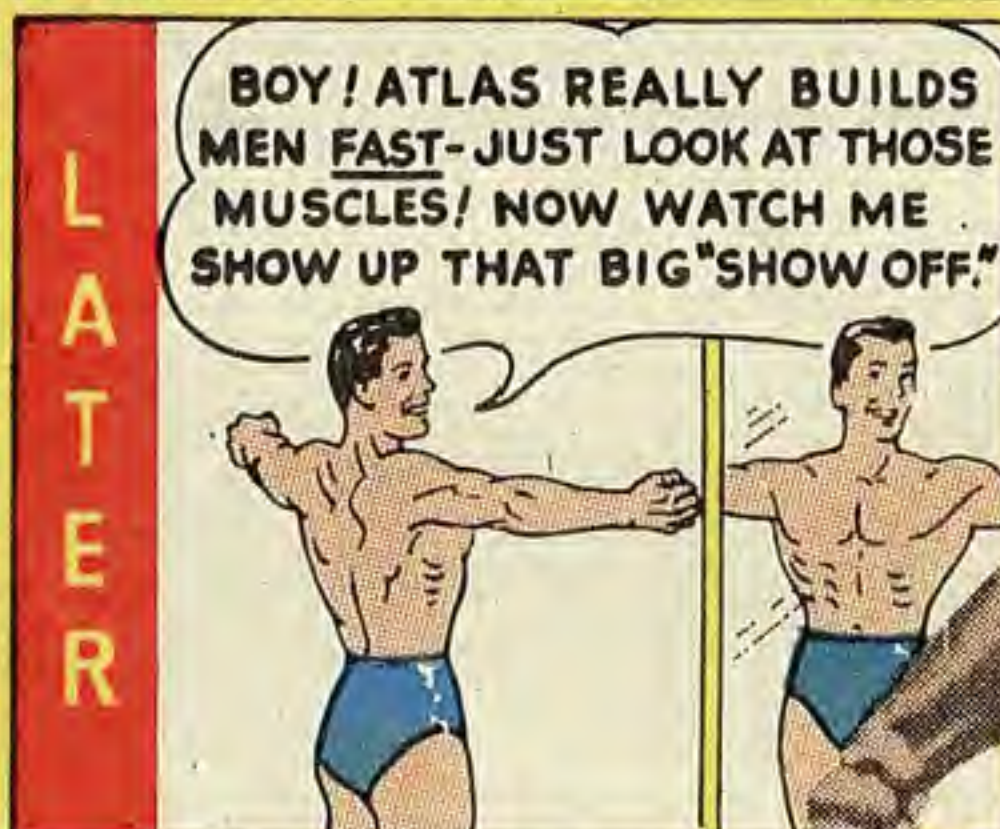
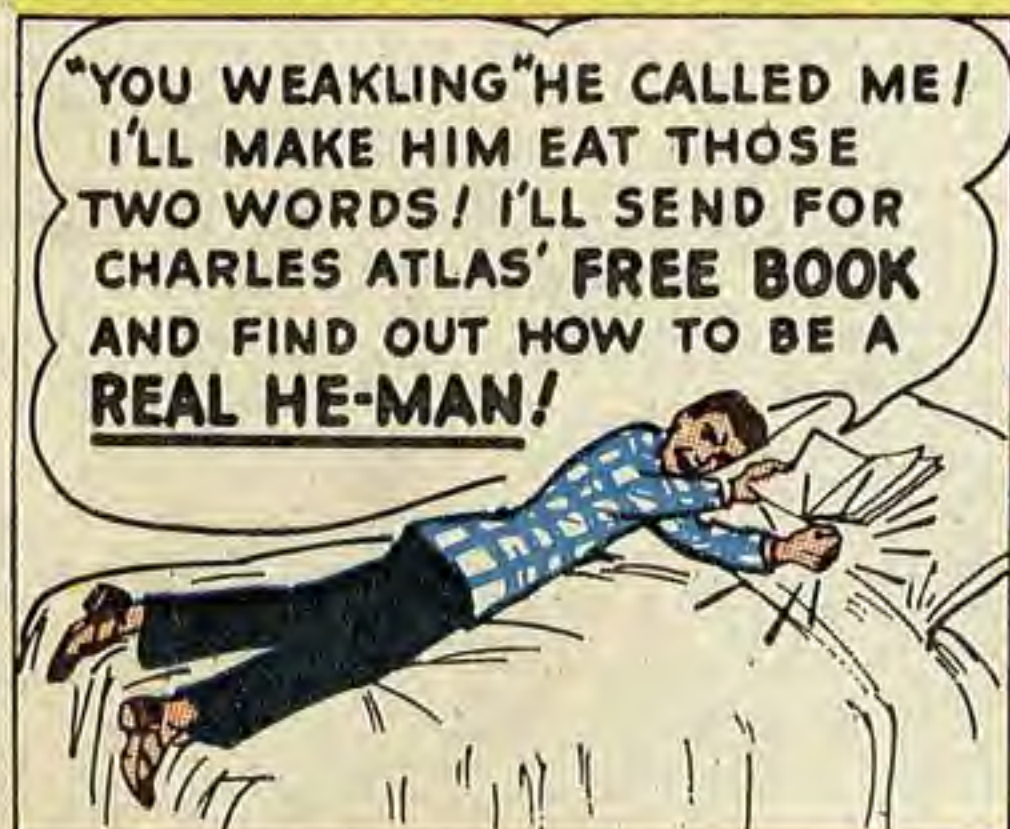
Name _____

Address _____

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HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too --in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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